

The TATLER

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H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT WITH PRINCE EDWARD
AND THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA

The providential escape of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent and her children in the accident which happened when they were motoring to Sandwich last week caused a sigh of relief to go up from everyone in this Empire. The car was very badly damaged in the collision, but no one was in any way hurt. Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra are to spend their summer holiday at Sandwich Bay during their parents' absence on the Continent. The above picture was taken when the Duchess of Kent was leaving her home in Belgrave Square



M. AND MME. JEAN BOROTRA

One of the first pictures, since their recent marriage, of the famous French lawn tennis player and his very attractive wife, the former Mlle. Edouard Barrachin, a daughter of Count de Bendor, better remembered perhaps as Baron de Forest

KEEP your eyes open and your tongue oiled. Wit and a good exterior—there is all life in a nutshell." So thought

St. Ives and, lifting mine from Stevenson's most breathless romance (why hasn't our Mr. Agate confounded the moguls into filming same?), I could not have agreed more heartily with its hero. The heat in the autorail, or tram-train, from Paris to Vichy (three hours and forty minutes non-stop) made oiling the tongue a necessity. Unfortunately there is no buffet, so bottles have to be slung about the person. Both bottles and buffets are much in evidence once the thermal town is reached. The first visitor I met, Colonel Hankey, late the Tins, was taking an afternoon stroll with a thermos under his elbow. "Going for a picnic?" is not the right question. Extra drinks of the waters are carried, to be partaken at the prescribed hours, by those unwilling to punctuate their afternoon rounds—golf, motoring to sights, shopping, or dozing—with another visit to the springs. The second curer encountered, Mrs. Buckley (whose Sunningdale house has been let to Mrs. Rochfort-Maguire), explained another phenomenon, namely the number of sixteen-stone men padding heavily in and out of the Parc. Vichy gives them back that Anthony Eden figure. Meanwhile they are described in the vernacular as "les gros buffets," while ladies of a certain size are more delicately

And the World said —

designated by the phrase: "*beaucoup du monde au balcon.*"

Music at Vichy is delightful. A good orchestra plays famous tunes, operettes and hot weather fare, enjoyed by all save ardent Wagnerians who should anyway be taking the cure for Covent Garden at Salzburg. Lord Lurgan, possessor of a fine voice, was a listener, also Mrs. Harry Flatau with her octogenarian father, Mr. Tuck, of post-card fame, who still goes to business every day of the year except the twenty-one he spends at Vichy, and, with Simon Marks, Mr. and Mrs. Sieff, who have been away from London for more than two months.

Golf is equally attractive, and the number of non-golfers who tea on the club terrace—the shadiest in France bar Chiberta—is a tribute to the charm of mine host, M. de Ronseray, father of Vichy's *de cinq à sept*, including *plus de deux mètres.*"



Holloway

LORD AND LADY REVELSTOKE

At the Stockdale—Fermor-Hesketh wedding at Easton-Neston. The bride, the Hon. Louise Fermor-Hesketh, is Lady Revelstoke's sister. Mr. Edmund Stockdale, the bridegroom, is a son of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Stockdale, of Sutton Lawn, Seaford

prettiest débutante. Here celebrities cluster Sir Geoffrey Archer, known as "*l'homme qui a* with a screen star's smile. He comes to watch his nephews play, and there are other youngsters, mostly French, the girls all wearing dark brown linen blouses with cream skirts. They do their hair like "Dot" Hyson and roll their socks like Kay Stammers. I was sorry to miss a belted Earl, "Harry Rosslyn" to his inimitable generation of leisured charmers, and a juvenile King (of Egypt), but two American-born Princesses—von Hesse-Phillipstahl-Barchfeld and Zurlo-Capèce—were decorating the *parcours*, and one of France's premier nobles, the Duc d'Uzès, sat at the eighteenth with a benign expression as much as to say, "It's a hot day, and I have reached the age of wisdom when one no longer hits an infinitesimal ball into yawning bunkers unless so inclined."

To enjoy Vichy, apart from the benefits of the cure, you have to know the *animateurs*, both serious men of business and uncrushable humorists—Charlie du Breil and "Fifi" Germot, once-upon-a-time Davis Cup-er. "Indefatigable Charlie's" straw hat has a "Freddie" Cripps angle and a Sir Walter Gilbey curl. Also playing was Senator Simon Guggenheim, described in the French Press as "*le roi d'acier*," but in reality the copper "king." He recounted how at the paper kiosk he saw two little



Cannons of Hollywood

AN AUGUST BRIDE: MISS MARGARET WARRAND

Miss Margaret Warrand is the only daughter of the late Rev. Henry Kenneth Warrand and Mrs. Warrand, of Southwell Hall, Notts. She is to be married early this month to Group Captain H. I. Hanmer, of Saynden, Staplehurst, Kent. The wedding will be in Southwell Minster, and the Bishop of Southwell will officiate

boys looking at his picture in the local daily. One said to the other: "*Le roi d'acier . . . je n'ai jamais entendu parler de ce pays là.*" In other words, where the devil is this country called Steel? The answer, known to Mrs. Harry Brown, Mrs. James Corrigan and other fortunates of the middle of the U.S.A., was explained to them in somewhat elementary French by the big shot himself who is now going down to Monte Carlo.

When you read this racing at Vichy will be in swing, and I was sorry to leave without seeing the course, but even our secret agent system does not allow everyone to be everywhere at once, which reference to Intelligence recalls this penetrating description of a literary lion—"A diplomat is always a bit of a spy. Paul Morand spies the truth in everything." What does the F.O. think—if it thinks? My final spy view of Vichy, after having a manicure in the main street—beauty culture in the open—was Johnny Hynes, popular American on London's Stock Exchange, who has lost a stone in no time. Mr. Hynes is moving house, to Glebe Place, Chelsea, the quarter which, *à propos* of an interview given there by Lord Jersey and his next Countess, is described as . . . "*à la fois comme le Hollywood et le Montparnasse de l'Angleterre.*" I hope Mrs. Maugham, Lady Colefax, Peter Jones, and all those who have made the King's Road what it is are readers of *Paris Soir*.

Now for Paris, the gangway to Monte Carlo. Lady Mendl stepped briskly into the Ritz, her veil, spotted with the latest velvet lumps, flowing down the back from the hat crown, very picturesque but veiling nothing except nape. Mr. "Joe" Widener with his daughter-in-law were about to race at Chantilly, the last event before the big cards are transferred to Deauville. Also bound for Deauville, via Goodwood, was Lord Carnarvon, who sauntered down the aisle of shops between the Grill and Côté Vendôme in a cornflower suit (1936 model) to match his eyes, with dusky rose buttonhole to match formidable tan. Also sauntering, but in the Rue de Rivoli, Captain Bobby Gordon-Canning.



AT NEWPORT, R.I.: MRS. J. J. ASTOR AND HER SON WILLIAM

Mrs. John Jacob Astor was, before her marriage, Miss Ellen French, and her mother, Mrs. J. L. Banks, lives at Newport. William, her young son, is the grandson of the late John Jacob Astor, lost in the *Titanic*, who founded one of the greatest fortunes in the United States

bona-fide opening gala—a very dress rehearsal perhaps. Miss Maxwell is being congratulated on her hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar American radio contract. Her personality comes across the ether more vividly than any woman's to date, hence the zeros on the salary. Carroll Carstairs, the Munns and the Duke of Sutherland greet effervescent Elsa.

Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis dances with Mrs. Dick Allen, whose glistening white satin is diamond-clipped. Nice "Milo" Illingworth dines with the Pollen brother and sister and dances with Felicity Seddon, while "Buster" Tonge towers above Mrs. Edythe Baker d'Erlanger, over from "Maxine's."

The Reggie Fellowes have a family evening, their daughter and her two-plus Schiaparelli's sub-deb. Cicely Courtneidge's tan is Something, as Americans say. She and Mrs. Bobby Howes and Leslie Henson laugh so much and make everyone else laugh so much the service is completely arrested in their quarter of the terrace. Mrs. Ralph Lynn with daughter Betty, who is going on the screen like father, Michael Vyner, exquisite Australian starlet, dancing with Stephen Raphael, and "Baby" Unzué dancing with Jack

Heaton, are faces seen in the glare of fireworks. How humans hate change! Just because the fireworks go off from that distant point beyond the beach, not from rafts in front of the terrace, wags wonder and say they're syndicated with San Remo.

(Continued overleaf)



AT FRINTON: SIR RICHARD AND LADY POWELL AND THEIR CHILDREN

Sir Richard Powell is the son of the late Sir Richard Douglas Powell, the first baronet, who was Physician-in-Ordinary to Queen Victoria, King Edward and King George V, and sometime President of the Royal College of Physicians. Lady Powell is the daughter of Lieut.-Col. O. R. McMullen, of Presdales Hall, Ware. Their two children, Nicholas and Bryony, seen in the picture, are two and four years old respectively

THE HON. DOROTHY LANE-FOX

The wedding of Lord and Lady Bingley's third daughter to Mr. Kenneth Parkinson will take place at Bramham Park in late September, and it is expected that H.R.H. the Princess Royal will attend. Lord Bingley is a famous former Master of the Bramham, and Lord Harewood is another former Master, as were many of the former Earls of Harewood before him. Bramham is Lord Bingley's seat at Boston Spa. Mr. Kenneth Parkinson is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Parkinson, of Creskeld Hall, Arthington

And the World said— (continued)

The floor show has been shortened, I like to imagine at the request of this department (imagination runs away with us in hot weather), and for the first time in history the Summer Sporting has got a hand to write home about, Leo Reisman from America (Radio City). His swing time is superlative. Faces on the floor or counting chips belonged to Mrs. Ralph Hanké, Mrs. Wilfred Tennant-Hunter, Princesse Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge (more modern jewellery this year), Chesley Richardson, saute New York diner-outer, Stanley Mortimer from the High City, Ursula von Hohenlohe, Sir Ian Malcolm (not sure whether he liked Monte Carlo as much in summer until the fireworks won him), the Jack Purbricks honeymooning, two charming old Coldstreamers (all Coldstreamers have charm), Jimmy Somers Cocks and Charles Baring, Lady Diana Gibb treading a smooth measure with D'Arcy ("Hollywood") Rutherford, Principessa Ottoboni with her villa party, "Bill" Burton with his, and—watching "chemmy" — Mrs. Edward Lascelles.

Spending Americans not on the Riviera are at Newport for the America's Cup Races. Our Rhode Island agent writes: "Tension increasing. The English are being overwhelmed with invitations, literally killed with kindness. The Sigrists are a huge success. Everyone likes his simplicity, and Beatrice is a splendid hostess on *Viva*. We've had the most thrilling practice starts and trial runs. *Endeavour II* is a grand ship, no doubt about that, and so is *Ranger*. You don't hear so much about the Astor Cup for which *Endeavour I* is competing. The course is between Martha's Vineyard and Block Island, not, strictly speaking, 'off Newport,' as I read in a London paper. Please get this right and say we wish them luck with one or other *Endeavour*, even with both."

* * *
Now for a Yorkshire Post. "Diana Pery-Knox-Gore, who married Nigel Fitzroy, Lord Harewood's agent, last September, is giving a party to-morrow for the christening of their baby, Suzannah Diana Georgina. Last week was the polo tournament at Toulston. Lord Barnby played, and teams came from Manchester and Rugby. Local sides included the 15/19th stationed at York. This was followed by the usual Bank Holiday Gymkhana at Toulston before a three-weeks' polo season at Harrogate. A good dance happened in aid of the Bedale Hunt Wire Fund at the William Ropner's home. Their son, Leonard, the Member for Barkston Ash, is the proud father of a first son, who was christened in the Crypt this summer. Country-house cricket flourishes. The Bramham Moor Hunt had a match against the Badsworth at Hillam Hall, which belongs to a Badsworth ex-Master, Captain Harry Lyon. The result was in doubt up to the last moment, when Miles Dawson, the Bramham Secretary, trying

desperately to hit a four and win the match, was clean bowled. Mrs. Richard Nickols, the Bramham's Joint-Master, watched with her daughter, also Mrs. Christopher York, whose husband played for the Bramham, Mr. Geoffrey Smith, Master of the York and Ainsty (South), and Captain and Mrs. Jack Feilden. The Lane-Fox girls sat up and took notice. Lord

Bingley's third daughter, Dorothy Lane-Fox, is marrying Kenneth Parkinson, eldest son of the Bertram Parkinsons, at Bramham Church on October 2. Theirs has been described as 'a hunting romance.' The Archbishop of Canterbury will marry them, and the grown-up attendants are to be Margaret Lane-Fox and Elsie Parkinson, sisters of each. Children in the retinue include Anne Bridgeman, Dorothy's niece, and George and Richard Jackson, her nephews. Dresses and honeymoon plans still vague. Meanwhile Leeds and environs have crowded Bertram Mills' circus, which Londoners associated with the depths of Christmas, and Louis Simmonds, who used to lead the band at the Embassy, is making them swing in Harrogate."

* * *

Continuing up the Great North Road, we hear that Scotland is passing through a somewhat colourless phase after the Royal visit and before the "bonny purple heather" with "crack of rifles at dawn" (our favourite classic) on the 12th. The Archers are suffering from fallen arches, housemaids' knees and very tired backs. One

was christened "Larwood" by his fellow-members of the Bodyguard. Ask them the riddle about Larwood and the Dachshund—only choose which Archer you ask. Celtic Spy says: "We drive from one garden to another shedding six-

pences, under umbrellas, to view dripping and outsize sweet peas, but all will yet be well with Caledonia! Shootings have let. Those nice Americans, the Wellington Hays, have taken Craighall on the Don again. Lord Peel, returning to Beaufort, will occupy the only wing left from the fire, one bath for all the guns. Lord Lovat is going to rebuild in the late autumn, or what we call 'the back end.' Constance, Duchess of Westminster—'Shelagh' to her friends—with Captain Lewis, is at Kilbride Castle, near Dunblane. The Duke of Alba has been staying with them. Scottish grandees have got their feet on the ancestral mantelpieces, so to speak, after the ardours of July. The overworked Elgins went on to Paris to pick French brains at the Exhibition for the benefit of the Glasgow one opening May, 1938. The Airlies got back alone, débutante Jean staying in in London. The McEwens of Marchmont are putting their backs into a Unionist Fête and will put up the Duff Coopers for it.

* * *

Lanark races were lots of fun. Lady Stirling of Glorat (who received the King and Queen at Dumbarton), Lady Susan Gilmour and Lady (Kay) Muir were there, also Lady King-Stuart, who gave a fork lunch at Clegghorn. Her sister, Miss Christie, the explorer, wore black and orange, young Mrs. Stewart of Murchistoun Castle, grey flannels, and the belle of the meeting, Miss Hope-Johnstone, brown tweeds with sage green jumper and matching Glengarry on curls.



LORD AND LADY DE RAMSEY

A snapshot taken as they left St. George's, Hanover Square, after their wedding in the early part of last week. Lord de Ramsey succeeded to the title on the death of his grandfather in 1925. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Labouchere



GOVERNOR OF NORTHERN IRELAND:
THE DUKE OF ABERCORN WITH HIS
PAGE, ROBIN KENYON-SLANEY

The Duke of Abercorn was the first Governor of Northern Ireland, and was appointed in 1922. His province was recently the scene of a rapturous welcome to Their Majesties, also of some very regrettable occurrences. His page is his grandson, the son of his eldest daughter, Lady Mary Gilmour, by her first marriage

Speaight

STEWARDS' CUP DAY AT GOODWOOD



LADY ANNE CAVENDISH-BENTINCK AND THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE OFF TO LOOK AT THE HORSES



GWENDOLEN DUCHESS OF NORFOLK WITH HER SON AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, WHO ARE BOTH OWNERS UNDER JOCKEY CLUB RULES



EX-DEBS.: MISS ZARA MAINWARING AND LADY MOYRA PONSONBY



THE COUNTESS OF BESSBOROUGH AND THE MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW



THE COUNTESS OF DURHAM ALL SET FOR WATCHING



MISS BARBARA McNEILL WITH MR. AND MRS. JOHN DEWAR

Goodwood's opening day provided a vast concourse of visitors with first-class racing and Fred Darling with the gratifying experience of saddling his first Stewards' Cup winner. The cheerful looks of Lord Titchfield's daughter and the Duke of Roxburghe's wife suggest that they were among the lucky backers of the American-owned Firozepore, who was bred in France by the Aga Khan. It will be observed that printed frocks with plain coats were very much the thing. The Duchess of Roxburghe's colour scheme was red and white with a dark blue coat, and Lady Linlithgow wore a grey and white frock with a white hat. The Earl Marshal's family party included his mother and two sisters as well as his wife, who was very trim in navy blue. Lady Moyra Ponsonby came with her mother, Lady Bessborough, and was photographed while visiting the paddock with Lady Mainwaring's daughter. Another attractive young lady of fashion was Mrs. John Dewar's daughter, Miss Barbara McNeill. Lady Durham is seen ready to focus her large race-glasses on Ruby Tiger, her husband's only runner of the day



FISTS ON THE FILM: MAX BAER AND JUDY KELLY

Max Baer is making his first British film, *Over She Goes*, at Elstree. There was some talk of this fine fighter retiring from the ring, but that idea has apparently blown over and no doubt he will still be seen fighting real battles on the canvas as well as sham ones on the screen. Pretty Judy Kelly is "holding the mirror up to Nature" while the boxer titivates his tie for the camera

IN a recent controversy on the question of whether cheap films need necessarily be bad films, and whether the prohibition of the cheap product would raise the average quality, Mr. H. E. Turner, who has apparently had some experience of making short films, expressed, by implication, the view that it would be possible for a creative brain to make "a short, gripping drama" with his son, his baby, his cat and his front parlour as the basic elements. Mr. Turner, I gather, does not imagine that what he calls a "big-money, cretin-appeal" film could be made with these simple domestic ingredients; he merely feels that a creative brain might find here all the essentials of a film capable of interesting a sufficient number of intelligent people to make a little money. I agree. Already I see the cat, groomed for stardom, scratching wildly at the son's leg to draw his attention to the fact that, absorbed in the dredger he is making in Meccano, he has overlooked the baby's efforts to fall into the front-parlour fire. This notwithstanding that the baby, chuckling the while with innocent glee, has passed the whole of the first reel tormenting the cat with refinements of cruelty. The film ends with the grateful, tear-stained son breaking open his sister's money-box to buy the cat a tin of salmon. Now, if I can devise this "short, gripping drama" so effortlessly, what might not a creative brain do?

Whether Mr. Turner is right or wrong, I am quite sure that mere expenditure of money and novelty of background will not suffice to make a film drama "gripping." The secret lies entirely in the creativeness of the brain, and if Mr. Turner had added genius of authorship or direction to his simple formula I should have no doubt of the correctness of his thesis. I thought of his views whilst watching, at the Gaumont Cinema, the Gaumont-British film of *King Solomon's Mines*. Rider Haggard's novel was one of the favourite books of my boyhood, and I went half-way to meet the film by telling myself beforehand not to expect to see the story reproduced with perfect fidelity. To me, half the fun of the films is to see huge crowds of dancing dervishes, thrilling train smashes, fleets of burning ships, avalanches, molten lava, chariot races and collapsing cranes; in fact, all the things that the stage cannot effectively give us. But all these delights cost money; to pay for them the film must have an enormous audience; and to get the enormous audience it must have "heart-interest," comic relief, sex appeal and other pestiferous nonsense. For ten really exciting minutes with a volcano I will at any time sit patiently for five minutes whilst Gary Cooper sternly represses an

THE CINEMA

King Solomon's Mines

By JAMES AGATE

emotional eruption produced by the heroine's eyelashes. If there was any feminine interest in Rider Haggard's book I have happily forgotten it; I was quite resigned to watch Miss Anna Lee rivalling my beloved Allan Quartermaine in endurance and preserving the perfection of her coiffure through desert, quagmire and battle to the very portals of King Solomon's Mines. Which, incidentally, she did. I did not grieve over what I missed from the book or groan over what they had had the temerity to add to it. The volcano and the sandstorm were delightful, the fighting scrumptious, the eclipse of the sun a joy, and the summary execution of evil-doers smelled out by the witch-doctor highly gratifying. Yet the film, in spite of lavish expediture, was not in Mr. Turner's sense of the word "gripping." Why, I wonder? Am I so much less easily stirred now than when I first gloated over the pages of the book? Did the introduction of songs by Umbopa (Mr. Paul Robeson), in spite of the ingenious appositeness with which they were brought in, import a musical-comedy element fatal to tension? Did the actors (or the producer) overdo the exhibition of British phlegm, so that one refused to believe that any of the film's terrors were really terrible? Or am I nowadays just unable to believe that three sane Englishmen, an Irishman and his daughter will face what they are told is certain death in a forlorn search for a very uncertain diamond mine? Perhaps one would have felt more concerned if there had been an occasional casualty in the party searching for the treasure. I think the producer would have done well to add one or two members to the party if only to be able to kill them off *en route* and leave the star-players credibly in the land of the living. It is small fun watching people facing fearful odds when they obviously bear charmed lives. Possibly I expected too much. Taken not too seriously, it is an admirable film, and small boys should be taken to see it before they depart for the seaside. Roland Young, taking a bath in a barrel, surprised by the natives whilst clad only in his shirt and his monocle, and acquiring god-like status in their eyes by virtue of the whiteness of his legs, was perfectly cast, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke was suitably imperturbable as Allan Quartermaine. Miss Sydney Fairbrother, as the two-hundred-year-old witch-doctor, had made herself look at least two thousand years of age, but, though I had not seen her name on the screen, was unable to deceive me as to her identity, and perhaps it is permissible to add that for a lady of her supposed age she was remarkably nippy on her pins. Mr. John Loder made love to Miss Anna Lee on a narrow ledge over a simmering volcano with an enthusiasm highly praiseworthy in the circumstances.

In the same bill is *Wings Over Honolulu*, a Hollywood film starring Ray Milland and Wendy Barrie. It is all about the hardships endured by the wives of flying officers attached to the United States Navy, and I am afraid I believed far less in this than in *King Solomon's Mines*. When I am pretending I like to do it on the grand scale. I can, when I am trying, believe that an eclipse will happen on the very day when a number of Englishmen wish to convince a lot of natives that they possess powers of magic. But I cannot swallow all that the Honolulu film asks me to. I quite agree that a flying officer's wife, sitting at home whilst her husband is on manoeuvres, with nothing to do but listen to the roar of aeroplane engines overhead, may get the jitters and accept another man's invitation to dine and dance. It is just possible to believe that since the husband has asked her not to accept this invitation he might take a Government 'plane and do idiotic stunts in it, just to express his feelings. But when the wife runs away on the other man's yacht, hubby will not, I think, take a Service machine and pursue her into the blackest of fogs without looking to see how much juice there is in the tank. And finally, the wife will not, after the inevitable smash, be able to push her way into the court-martial room and obtain the Navy's forgiveness by taking all the blame upon her shoulders, however fair. I find this Hollywood gnat more difficult to swallow than Rider Haggard's camel.

AT COWDRAY PARK

Some of the Polo Week House-party



THE HOSTESS:
LADY COWDRAY



MISS "BUNNY" HAMILTON-WEDDER-
BURN AND MISS V. HARRISON



WITH LORD BARNBY: MISS HARRISON
AND (BEHIND) MISS VERONICA HARRISON

Two of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Jack Harrison's eight popular daughters were staying at Cowdray Park and watched their father play back for Lord Cowdray's team in the opening match against Friar Park. Cowdray won by 11 goals to 6½, Lord Cowdray scoring six times. In the second of the two preliminary games for the Cowdray Park Challenge Cup Someries House beat Wallabies, for whom Lord Barnby was playing back, by 12 goals to 8½; up to the last two chukkas this game was a fairly even one

THE HON. DAPHNE PEARSON

That noted polo fixture the Cowdray Park Tournament, which provides such admirable after-racing entertainment for people down for Goodwood, opened in splendid weather and, as usual, Lady Cowdray and her son, Lord Cowdray, were entertaining a large house-party. Like all the members of her family the Hon. Daphne Pearson, youngest daughter of the house, has ridden since she was very small; she is seen above on one of her brother's many high-class polo ponies



MR. BOB ASHTON FILMS THE POLO



MISS GEORGINA WERNHER
AND MR. R. CALTHORPE

Here is Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher's débutante daughter with a member of the Friar Park team, beaten by Cowdray after a good galloping game. Miss Wernher is definitely keen about polo and she has watched her father's team, Someries House, fight many battles this season. See left for one of the famous Goulburn Ashtons; he umpired the opening contest at Cowdray Park



WELL-KNOWN
AT
HURST PARK

Sam Darling, who owned the runner-up, Blue Coat, in the first race, the Mayfair Seller, which was ridden by Harry Wragg, and with them is Lady Chesham, who, ever since a bad fall stopped her hunting, has been the most regular of racing regulars

FROM my earliest infancy I was brought up to regard the domestic cow as man's greatest friend and ally. What Swiss Family Robinson would have done for milk, beef, boots, portmanteaux, etc., without the aid of the one cow that swam from the wreck cannot be conjectured. I seem to remember a fragment of a short grace of thanks I used to recite, "Do not chew the hemlock rank, growing on the weedy bank," and among some of our Aryan brothers, kine are held in the highest esteem and veneration. Nevertheless, had any professing Brahmin been present at Hurst Park last Friday he could, after the Surrey Selling Plate, have bought the entire field of five to introduce new blood into his herd at the very reasonable price of eight annas apiece, with a reduc. on the quant. Even then, accompanied as they would have been by a certificate of authenticity as blown-in-the-glass cows from everyone present, he would have been stuck. Ere this appears my own contribution to the herd will have made a reappearance at Alexandra Park, where, wearing blinkers and probably a yashmak as well, she will be spared no pain or indignity to coerce her into breaking out of a trot. Should this fail she will, no doubt, find her way to some low stable abroad, where, in the hands of an experienced apothecary, she will win a race every Sunday and have a cracking headache the rest of the week. The last one I sold, a bright chestnut who was a shuddering, shivering black by the time he was saddled, and whose last performance was to run last with bottom weight, claiming the fine in a £100 Mile Selling Maiden Three-year-old Handicap, has almost made turf history in the country of his adoption. Since his furlong per grain consumption has been determined he is almost unbeaten, and besides breaking two bridles he generally has a fight with the second in the weighing-in enclosure. A nice-natured horse, his remorse during his hangover is quite pathetic.

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

It is quite extraordinary how true, how very true, is the trite saying that misfortunes never come singly. In less copy-book phrase, if you're on the wrong leg you can't get 'orf of it. One trainer of my acquaintance, after a long, bad spell, felt convinced on rising one sunny morning that for him the whole world had changed. Two horses he ran, one at each meeting, and both he thought nothing but an act of God could stop winning. One got left at the gate and then got pipped a head on the post, while the other ran so slowly that it almost lost its balance. Getting a lift back to his training quarters the car broke down. This was put right in an hour and broke down five miles farther on. The Good Samaritan who picked him up and gave him a lift on ran out of petrol five miles from anywhere, and a lorry eventually towed them into a town at 1 a.m. From here a hired car took him home, where, with a sigh of relief, he turned on the light to disclose a note saying that his best bay had had a fall and broken his leg. He daren't go out now for fear he gets run over, and if he stays in the house who knows it won't fall down on him?

A new innovation is the production of the Brown Book in two portions for the sake of convenience and reduction in bulk. This

kindly consideration is rather marred by the extreme inconvenience and the increased bulk of carrying two books instead of one; otherwise the idea seems very sound. To be slightly more constructive, could not the pony racing part be made easily detachable for those who are not interested in this branch of sport, or couldn't, say, the first month, or even six weeks, returns of flat racing be omitted if necessary. The results from the Free Handicap onwards are essential. Left as it is, "Race-form" should boom.

Owing to the incidence of the August Bank Holiday I am writing this before Goodwood, and by the time it appears the regulars will have burst like a shrapnel into every corner of Europe. I, myself, must leave this instructional task to take part in a needle cricket match between Major Clarke's XI and an identical number of Savoy Orpheans under the leadership of Mr. Carroll Gibbons. Practising beneath my window for this contest are the leader of our side, a gentleman of title who, I understand, is a member of the book-binding or some similar profession, and Mr. Rich, the well-known high-priced-yearling buyer. There is something so typically English and old-world to hear the occasional clean smack of the ball on the bat and the far less occasional dull thud of a dibby-dobby on Mr. Rich's cannon-bone followed by a torrent of low, coarse oaths. I feel that the amenities of our lunch tent at Goodwood will be considerably impaired by a strong aura of arnica and Absorbine junior. Anyway, the gate doesn't go up till after lunch, a fine local anaesthetic, and any stumps left will be extracted by an expert at cocktail time. This seems to me England's national game at its best.

* * *

At the moment of going to press we hear a rumour, which we are inclined to believe, that by the enterprise of the B.B.C. "Guardrail's" hereinaforementioned candidate for Alexandra Park is to be televised from the tower. This is believed to be the first instance of slow-motion television, and so a record.



MORE HURST PARK

In the picture, left to right, are: Miss Sheila Roche, Mrs. Sidney Wilkinson and the Maharajah of Rajpipla, who had two running on the day this was taken. H.H. owned Windsor Lad, who won the Derby and Leger of 1934

THE GLOUCESTER CAVALCADE OF SPORT



ARRIVAL AT HANDLEY CROSS: (FROM L. TO R.) MRS. JORROCKS, MR. J. JORROCKS, M.F.H., MISS BELINDA JORROCKS AND B. BRADY
The above is the caption that an imaginary "Tatler" of 1854 would have given this picture. To-day the names are: Mrs. Palmer, Tom Newman, late huntsman to the Duke of Beaufort's, Miss P. Jackson and Mrs. Heber Percy



THE FAIRY GODMOTHERS OF THE PROLOGUE
The group includes: Miss M. Deane-Drummond, Miss A. de la Pasture, Miss V. Russell, Lady Sibell Lygon, Miss A. Mercier and Miss P. Strickland



MR. SOMERSET, TOM NEWMAN, MRS. PALMER AND MR. PEARMAN DIXON (AS CAPTAIN MISERRIMUS DOLEFUL) AND ANOTHER



**MR. JORROCKS (TOM NEWMAN)
ON ARTAXERXES**

This Cavalcade of Sport, at 'The Oxlease, Gloucester, was in aid of the provision of playing fields. At the head of the page is seen that extremely well-known Master of the Handley Cross Hounds, Mr. John Jorrocks, with his wife and charming daughter. Ben Brady, his whipper-in, more commonly known as "Binjimin" is up on the leader, Mr. Jorrocks' Xerxes; the justly famous—if slightly nappy—Artaxerxes comes "arter" Xerxes in the traces. Captain Miserrimus Doleful is Master of Ceremonies of that salubrious spa, Handley Cross. In point of fact, Mr. Jorrocks is represented by a personality almost equally well known in the hunting field and an infinitely better man to hounds, Tom Newman. A. L. Leffevre, the well-known trainer, and Gerry Wilson, the jockey, have as their "ostlers" the two Cotswold whippers-in

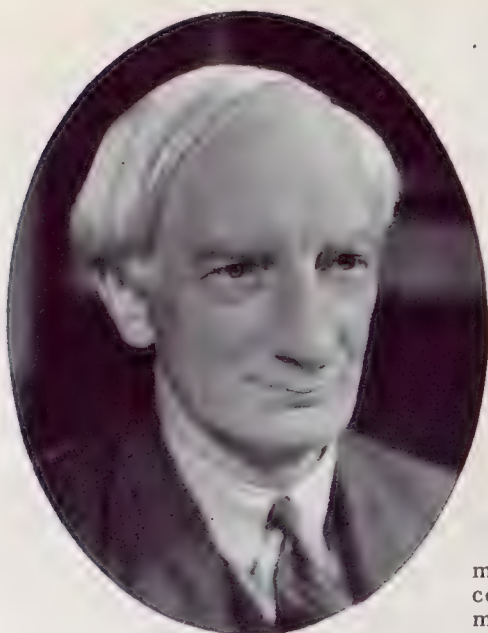
Photos: W. Dennis Moss



**(MOUNTED) A. L. LEFFEVE AND GERRY WILSON;
(STANDING) JACK WILLIS AND PAT KING**

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING



Tunbridge

SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE

On his retirement from the Directorship of the London School of Economics to take up the Mastership of University College, Oxford, Sir William Beveridge has been the recipient of many presentations from the Court of Governors, the Teaching Staff, the Administrative and Household Staff, and from old and present students. Sir William went to the School of Economics in 1919, after having been Secretary to the Ministry of Food. He was not up at University in his Oxford days, but at Balliol.

being of theirs were so feverishly alive, that the slightest interruption from outside is as a match applied to gunpowder. They suffer acutely, and they make those who love them suffer likewise. Yet there is no escape. Wisely they should live alone, but, as part of the curse with which they are afflicted, they usually love as passionately as they live. And there is never any lasting peace in human association when one in that association has such intense mental and spiritual ecstasy feverishly alive within his or her heart. For such intensity demands freedom, and human association is always an adjustment, a certain deprivation, a manifestation of cool-headedness and tact.

All of which is impossible for men possessed of the passionately creative temperament, whose gifts are all the more overwhelming because the world surrounding them must always frustrate them, be it only the frustration of misunderstanding. So they suffer and create suffering, and their whole inner-existence is as one driven and hunted, imprisoned; whose only way to freedom is in creation, be it what it may.

Such a victim of temperament was the late Edward Thomas. His whole soul expanded only when alone in the midst of the quiet country scenes he loved so well. Yet he was born in London; most of his work was town work, so to speak. He loved his wife and children, and yet, because they were ever nearest at hand to thrust him innocently out of the visionary world in which his spirit lived, his attitude towards them was alternately violently loving, violently cruel. Happily, his wife understood, though it did not lessen her mental suffering. Thomas cried for freedom, but poverty imprisoned him in the hack-work of journalism in order to keep a roof over his head, and over the heads of those he loved. Too often, and for too long, he had to debase what genius he possessed to the insistent demands of food and clothing, and a home to call his own. His mind was tortured

Study of a Sad Life.

IF Mr. Robert P. Eckert's interesting biography of the late Edward Thomas, prose-writer and poet, "Edward Thomas" (Dent; ros. 6d.), reveals one thing of psychological interest to us all, it is the revelation that

men and women of certain temperaments can never be happy in this life, no matter how things outwardly seem to go well with them. Their inner-life is so vivid, so intense, that they can never adjust themselves to the prosaic "chores" of everyday, conventional existence. It is as if this inner-

by the knowledge that he was wasting his great gifts. Yet there was no escape. There never is any escape from poverty or ill-health, except by ways which sometimes look miraculous. But "miracles" so seldom happen, and too often they happen too late. Thomas felt himself a failure because fate never gave him the time nor the liberty in which to succeed in the only way of complete self-expression which would have made him happy because it would have given him inner peace.

When at long last his genius found its way of partial escape, the war broke out. He joined up and was killed while still a young man. He died "just as life had touched his lips to song." The story of how his genius at last found complete self-expression is interesting. He had been first and foremost a prose-writer. It was his friend, Robert Frost, who revealed to him that in reality he was a poet. Frost, Mrs. Thomas states, understood him as no one else did. It was Frost who first read aloud to Thomas passages out of his book which he pointed out were the essence of poetry. In a letter written to Harold Roy Brennan in 1926, Frost describes the occasion: "Edward Thomas had about lost patience with the minor poetry it was his business to review. He was suffering from a life of subordination to his inferiors. Right at the moment he was writing as good poetry as anybody alive, but in prose from where it did not declare itself and gain him recognition. I referred him to paragraphs in his book 'The Pursuit of Spring,' and told him to write it in verse form in exactly the same cadence. That's all there was to it. His poetry declared itself in verse form, and in the year before he died, he took his place where he belonged, among the English poets." And although death

supervened too soon after this revelation, he lived long enough to compose some of the loveliest of modern poetry—poetry which will live long after the present somewhat affected "cult" it has become will have sunk to its real and lasting value.

In the meanwhile, this interesting and sympathetic biography will be welcomed not only by all lovers of Thomas's poetry, but as the moving story of a man for whom nothing went quite right until the shadow of death brought an end to the inner struggle, and Edward Thomas found that resignation to the inevitable, which has within it a certain noble, yet forlorn peacefulness. With it came that "sweetness" which his life until then had thwarted so relentlessly.

The account of the last evening he spent in England is inexpressibly sad, simply because there were no outward tears, no lamentations, no repining. If things had gone well with him—if things could ever go well in this world for a man who declared "at least I am never half as much at home in company as out of doors alone"—that last quiet evening surely revealed the man he had always been beneath the turmoil and the strife, the anxieties and the frustrations. In fact, it seems to me that the confession: "I am never as much at home in company as out of doors alone," was the "key" to all his unhappiness and restlessness. His nature was a misfit. Circumstances forced him to be "out of doors alone" too seldom, and "in company" too much. The wrong company nearly all the time—because the right company for



MISS MARGOT HAMBLING

The engagement of Sir Guy and Lady Hambling's elder daughter to Fl. Lt. Maurice Hare was announced recently. The bridegroom-elect is the youngest son of Major General Sir Stuart and Lady Hare. Sir Guy Hambling is the second baronet and was a captain in the Canadian Infantry during the war

(Continued on page 200)



Peter Clark

URSULA JEANS AND OWEN NARES IN "THEY CAME BY NIGHT," AT THE GLOBE

It is rarely that Mr. Owen Nares is forced to become a crook, for his right *métier* is something quite different. In this play, however, by the clever author of "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" (Mr. Barre Lyndon), he plays a perfectly honest Bond Street jeweller who, by sheer carelessness, gets enmeshed by some villainous jewel thieves. It all happens because he is so silly as to buy jewellery without taking the trouble to look at Scotland Yard's list of things that are missing, believed stolen. He is just the kind of victim any really wicked crook, who may discover his secret, is looking for, and he is forced to join in the burgling of a strong-room. This scene is so well done that no one ought to have much difficulty in learning a lot about safe-busting. Miss Ursula Jeans, as the inevitable and necessary young woman in love with Mr. Nares, plays the heroine, Sally Grosvenor, most sympathetically. She is a soprano who has lost her voice. All, of course, comes out right in the end. An exciting play!

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

those who are only lonely and exempt among the second best is as rare to discover as any dream-come-true. Poverty and human responsibilities forced him into the market-place to bargain for his gifts when all the time his spirit yearned only after beauty and solitude and the pageantry of quiet, rural places. And only those who also have suffered from this enforced "exhibitionism," this suppressed intense life of the inner-dream, will understand exactly why the life of Edward Thomas was so much a never-ending and unprofitable warfare. Yet, perhaps, not unprofitable. People who have never suffered, never been up against things, never have anything within themselves of profit to the world at large.

Maybe, because of Thomas's disappointed life, Robert Eckert can write at the end of his most interesting book (and all those who know and love Thomas's poetry will agree) that although "Thomas produced a mere fragment of what should have been his life's creative work—possibly in that fragment posterity may find a bit of immortality, the evidence of life which disaster could not kill"—that, "though dreams may put the utmost parts of the earth into our possession, without the dream the dreamer is nothing more than naught."

Adventure in Spain.

"Hotel in Spain" (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.), by Nancy J. Johnstone, is the tale of an unusual adventure, and a most delightful book to read. Previous to the "great undertaking," Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone's world was bounded by Fleet Street, Hampstead, and Bloomsbury. But, although they were in this world, they most certainly were not of it. They yearned to strike out afresh; somewhere preferably where the sun shone so constantly that people talked with more animation about cloud and rain. So in 1934 they seized "adventure" and started a small hotel in the village of Tossa on the coast of Catalonia. It was a tremendous risk, because they were leaving the comfort and security they knew for an enterprise of which they knew but little in the beginning. Heaven, so they say, helps those who help themselves, but Heaven must have been napping for the Johnstones round about 1936, because they suddenly found themselves in the middle of the present Spanish revolution. A state of war surrounded them; the hotel guests departed like swallows at the end of summer, and three British destroyers tried their hardest to persuade them to leave. So the present for them looked arid, and the future extremely dark. Nevertheless, they persisted in remaining, and if their enterprise did look as if it had vanished, they found certain compensation in the friendliness and loyalty of the Catalans, and, in any case, the sun continued to shine constantly too. At that time the guns seemed a long way off, and whatever extreme views might be held elsewhere, the inhabitants of Tossa were cosily impartial. No wonder then the Johnstones felt that to leave such pleasant surroundings would seem very much like leaving a happy home. Moreover, in spite

of the subsequent financial embarrassment, Tossa was infinitely more delightful after the English visitors and the German refugees had left. This book, which is a personal record, is as entertaining as it is interesting. The author has a happy knack of being able to make you share in all the ups-and-downs, the excitement and the fun, even the anxiety of what stick-in-the-mud people among their friends doubtless considered to be a fool-hardy enterprise. Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone, however, were determined not to "rust out." And this tale of their adventure as hotel-keepers in Spain makes a simply delightful book to read.

An Excellent Thriller.

Miss Margery Allingham belongs to that small band of detective-story writers who realise that a "thriller" must be as carefully written as if the story were an actual

replica of life. It is not merely a question of murders, detectives, "red-herrings" painstakingly disguised, shrieks, blood and deliberate efforts to make the reader's hair stand on end. If the "atmosphere" is true and impressive, the mere melodrama of the story counts for naught—or very little. Because this "atmosphere" is so ably portrayed, her new "thriller," "Dancers in Mourning" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), is immensely exciting. Not for the things which actually happen, although these are dire enough, but because the reader's attention is caught and held by the apparent actuality of the scene and the characters. Jimmy Sutane is the "star" performer of a very successful revue. He is a comedian, but principally a dancer. His home is "White Walls," a few miles out of London; quite a "mansion" apparently, wherein live his wife Linda, and their only child. When the story opens, strange things are happening in Jimmy's dressing-room at the theatre. Small things in themselves—like pins hidden in the grease-paint—mentally disturbing, nevertheless. At last, in nervous desperation, Sutane calls in the well-known Mr. Campion to track down the practical joker, if that is all he be?

Campion goes down to "White Walls" when that week-end the dancers are rehearsing there. Yet, in the beginning, the most disturbing fact for him is that he finds himself falling in love with Sutane's wife, Linda. But one night an actress, who was also a fellow-guest, is found murdered. Worst of all, from Campion's point of view, all the clues seem to lead directly to Sutane. He does not want to see Linda as a murderer's wife. For a time he tries deliberately to keep himself aloof from any suspicions, much less from tracking down the criminal. But presently the criminal's activities take on a more sinister aspect. The police are absolutely non-plussed. Forced beyond all personal feelings, Campion is obliged to play his part in solving the mystery. His plan is both unusual and fascinating to watch. The solution is unexpected, but logical. The story is as exciting as it is interesting.



PADEREWSKI
AN IMPRESSION BY TONY WYSARD

Sometime President of Poland, pianist, statesman and patriot, Paderewski now appears in a new activity. He is the star of "Moonlight Sonata," a film from the Denham Studios, in which he acted with Marie Tempest, who was also making her debut on the sound film, although experienced in the silent screen. Recently *The Tatler* published a picture, by Laurence Irving, which showed the scene at Denham when the veteran musician was recording for the sound-cameras. Above is a caricature of him from the brush of Tony Wysard

CROMWELLIANS OF TO - DAY !



AT MISTERTON HALL : MR. PHILIP CRIPPS AND LADY CROMWELL, HIS SISTER, GIVING THE HON. PHILIPPA AND THE HON. DAVID BEWICKE-COPLEY SOME EXERCISE



MR. PHILIP CRIPPS AND LADY CROMWELL



HOUND EXERCISE : AND LORD CROMWELL



THE HON. DAVID BEWICKE-COPLEY AND "CREASES" AND (BELOW) A STUDY IN CANINE CONTENTMENT



These pictures present a peaceful panorama of life at Lord and Lady Cromwell's restful abode, Misterton, near Lutterworth, a centre very handy to some of the best packs of hounds in all England, the lord of the Manor being, as is known, particularly keen on a-hunting of the fox. Lady Cromwell, who is seen in some of these snapshots with her brother, Mr. Philip Cripps, is a daughter of Major Sir Frederick and Lady Cripps, of Ampney Park, Cirencester. Lord Cromwell is a Major in the 60th (R. of O.), and his only son and heir, David, was born in 1929, and the only daughter, Philippa, four years earlier

Photos : Swighe



A MATCH AT WEST BYFLEET

Captain John Craigie's team met Mrs. Brindie's team recently in a match at West Byfleet. Some of the contestants are seen above. They include: Sir George Prescott, Mrs. Chanu, Lady Prescott, Major Le Roy Burnham, and Miss Diana Fishwick

THE most fastidious reader could scarcely complain of any lack of golfing incident at this, the usual "silly" season. For a week the unmannerly criticisms attributed, on their return, to the victorious American Ryder Cup team have kept us busy with counter-accusations, denials, and so forth. I say "attributed to" advisedly, since my own reading of this sorry business—and I cannot claim any more knowledge than the next man—is that none of these fellows, whom, of course, I met personally when they were over here, spoke the words that were put into their mouths by the American Press. Or, if they did (as they say in the libel actions), then they did not mean them in that way.

I imagine that some enterprising reporter, on meeting them on the boat, said to the luckless Guldahl, "Hey, Champ, what about the crowds on the other side?" Whereupon Mr. Guldahl replied, "Gee, you should ha' seen them—thousands of them. Why, they were hanging on the end of your club." And so, by the old, old route, we read that the United States Open Champion has stated that if he ever sets foot in England again that will be a day too soon.

As for Densmore Shute, a universally popular fellow, my last memory of him is of a man wreathed in smiles at being hailed as the best loser the crowd had ever seen. When, in a few well-chosen words, he thanked the crowd at Walton Heath for watching the match in such a sporting spirit, it was impossible to believe that he was speaking with his tongue in his cheek and was about to go home and say that they were "openly resentful" when he made a good shot. Indeed, I am inclined to believe that his final utterance, "I am unaware that I made any comment at all," may go far towards explaining the solution of the whole unsavoury business. At any rate, let us forget about it and content ourselves with expressing the hope that all of the Americans, whom we were so happy to see over here this year, will find

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

it worth while to return in their private capacity in search of the Open Championship next year.

If the Ryder Cup team found us wanting in hospitality, that cannot, I think, be said of the Yale University side, who are in this country at the moment. Their only trouble is that they have unwittingly overburdened themselves with a surfeit of fixtures, and will probably be sick and tired of the sight of a golf club for some months after they get home. They were met and conducted through the Customs at Southampton by Major Lavarack, the secretary of the English Golf Union, Cyril Tolley, and Philip Gee, a member of the E.G.U. Committee. Having played various matches in Scotland, they went to Woodhall Spa and played each of the teams taking part in the International Trial matches (of which more later).

In the London area, their first match was against the Middlesex amateurs, at Hendon, where the club gave them a luncheon and presented them with silver tankards in memory of the occasion. They were then to play Surrey and the Society, before returning North for matches against Royal Liverpool and Formby. The end of their trip was to take them to Scotland, after which, those members of the team who retained their sanity, were to leave independently for home.

Yale plan to make this a five-yearly affair, bringing a completely different team on each occasion. They all pay their own expenses—in response to invitations, they had forty acceptances, though they could only accept eleven—and they have brought with them as general manager and *chargé d'affaires* their professional coach, Ben Thompson. C. Munson, their playing captain, may go up to Cambridge next year. If one may say so without presumption, now that freedom of speech seems to have become the accepted practice between the two countries, the Yale boys appear to have left a



ALSO COMPETING AT WEST BYFLEET

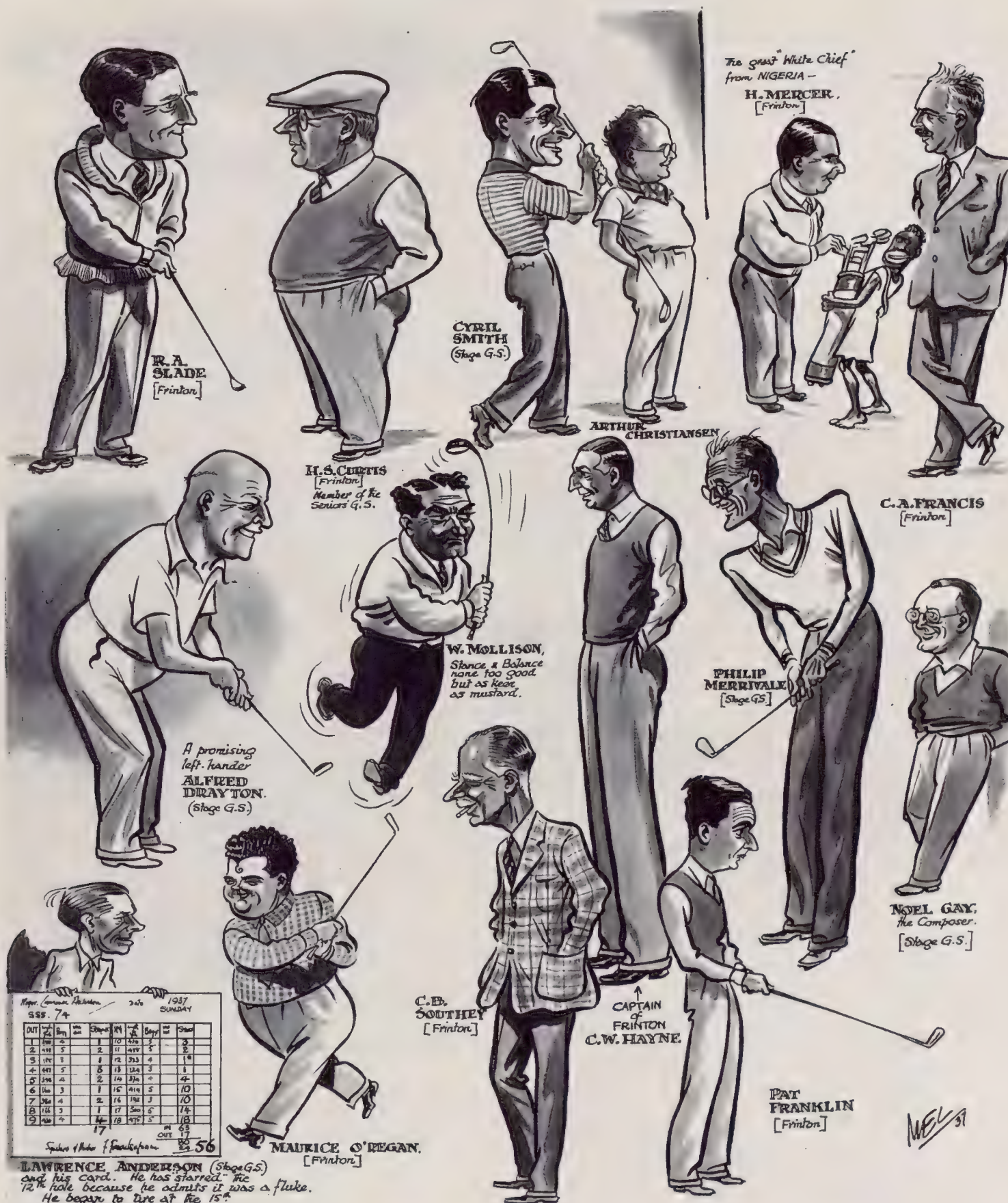
Some more of the golfers who took part in this Women v. Men contest. Admiral Sir Basil Brooke is on the left, and the other players are Miss Lesley, Mr. E. Carbutt and Miss Dix Perkin

more than favourable impression in the minds of those with whom they have come into contact, and Major Lavarack, who has taken charge of their fixtures and accommodation in England, says that he has "thoroughly enjoyed looking after them."

And now back to these Trials at Woodhall Spa. I think we may say, without being unduly wise before the event, that these are the last we shall see, at any rate for some years. They serve no useful purpose, and cost a great deal of valuable time and money. This year, some forty players were assembled in search of seven places, three places being already filled by players for whom it was deemed unnecessary to attend. Of these forty, at least half had not the chance of the proverbial snowball of getting into the team. Furthermore, a series of eighteen-holes matches tells one little or nothing of the relative merits of so many players. The success of No. 10 in the North-East team against his opposite number from the Midlands does nothing to enhance the chances of either of them—before ever they take the train for Woodhall, they know that they are not going to be chosen.

As I see it—and these are blunt words—these Trials have been nothing more or less than a sop to the petty jealousies between one district and another, one county and another, that sooner or later will wreck the English Golf Union, unless the parties concerned can attain a more reasonable frame of mind before it is too late.

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



WILLIAM MOLLISON'S TEAM v. FRINTON GOLF CLUB—BY "MEL"

The above caricatures were done at Frinton when the local club fielded a team against members of the Stage Golfing Society captained by "Bill" Mollison, the well-known producer. The match consisted of four lots of foursomes and resulted in a narrow win for the Stage celebrities by one match— $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$. Philip Merrivale and "Mel" were successful in both their matches against R. A. Slade and H. S. Curtis by 4 and 3 on each occasion. Alfred Drayton and Bill Mollison lost both their matches to the captain, C. W. Hayne, and the Past Captain, F. Evelyn Jones, by—well, perhaps it is fairer not to say! The card in the left-hand bottom corner need not be taken too seriously

A SPECIAL NIGHT

AT MONTE CARLO



CAPTAIN WOOD AND LADY DIANA GIBB

MISS ROSAMUND FELLOWES AND THE
HON. MRS. REGINALD FELLOWES

MME. DE CAUX AND MR. CHARLES BARING

MR. STANLEY MORTIMER AND MISS
BARBARA BRISTOW

MR. F. D. CORVISSIANO AND MRS. R. ALLEN

THE COMTE AND COMTESSE ALEXANDRE
DE CASTEJAMR. F. MCEVOY, OF MOTOR-RACING
FAME, AND MADAME UNZUE

This page of personalities was collected at the opening of the Monte Carlo Beach Casino, which is a good place to dine on a summer night. Lady Diana Gibb, who heads the page on the left, is Lord Lovelace's youngest sister. Next in order are the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes and her daughter, Miss Rosamund Fellowes; her elder daughter by her previous marriage, the Comtesse de Casteja, formerly Princesse Emmeline de Boglie, is seen with her husband in another picture. Mr. Charles Baring, Sir Godfrey Baring's only son, was formerly in the Coldstream. Mr. Stanley Mortimer is a New Yorker with a weakness for driven grouse. The Twelfth will see him in Perthshire. Miss Bristow also hails from "Baghdad-on-the-Subway." Mrs. Richard Allen and her husband hunt in Warwickshire, though Ayrshire is his native heath, "Freddie" McEvoy, the famous racing-driver, was not, to the sorrow of the crowd, a competitor in the Grand Prix de Monaco. Mrs. Greville Howard's husband, the Earl of Suffolk's youngest brother, was formerly in the Shropshire Light Infantry

THE HON. MRS. GREVILLE HOWARD
AND MR. RALPH HARBORD



Cannons of Hollywood, Dover Street

LADY IRENE HAIG: A RECENT PORTRAIT

The youngest of the three beautiful daughters of that great Field Marshal who died in 1928, just ten years after the year in which he stopped Germany winning the war, was presented this year by Lady Haig, but has been brought out by her elder sister, Lady Victoria Scott. The eldest member of the family is Lady Alexandra Haig. The present peer was the only son and was born on March 15, 1918, six days before the great German offensive, Ludendorff's swan-song, was launched against the British Armies. It was at this fateful moment that the late Lord Haig published his historic "backs to the wall" order

LINE UPON LINE—IN THE USK



MRS. R. O. HERMON AND PINK MRS. H. C. PORTER,
AT GLANUSK PARK, CRICKHOWELL



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE USK VALLEY CASTING CLUB'S TOURNAMENT
HELD ON THE USK AT LORD GLANUSK'S BRECONSHIRE HOME



LORD GLANUSK, GAFFER THE HON. MRS. COOPER
AND GAFFER MAJOR B. W. POWLETT



CASTER COLONEL H. THOMPSON
AND CASTER HERBERT



PINK MISS MORRISON-BELL WITH CASTER
COLONEL RICHARD VERDIN

The Usk Valley Casting Club, which recently held its annual tournament in Lord Glanusk's beat of the River Usk at Glanusk Park, goes in for distinctive nomenclature. Lord Glanusk, President, is its Permanent Watcher, original members are known as Gaffers, male members are Casters, and feminine members come under the heading of Pinks. The Hon. Mrs. Cooper, Lord Glanusk's sister, holds the ladies' salmon-fly distance record of the world, with a cast of 41 yards. This feat was achieved at the British Casting Association's World Championship tournament at Ranelagh last month—when Mrs. Cooper beat her own previous world record by three feet—and she repeated it on the Usk to win the Usk Valley Jewel competition. There were five pitches at the Usk Valley tournament: one for salmon, three for trout, and one for bait-casting. Salmon-fly events consisted of distance (overhead and Spey casting) and accuracy contests; in the latter, five floating marks had to be covered, over the right and left shoulder, the time limit being 3 minutes. The same time limit and the same number of floating marks applied in the trout-fly accuracy events for dry fly, and wet fly accuracy was also well tested, the cast having to be made through an obstacle. Colonel Verdin, who wielded both a salmon and trout rod, is a former High Sheriff of Cheshire

THE CAMERA



M. "FIFI" GERMOT, WITH THE DUC D'UZÈS, 14th OF HIS LINE



SIR GEOFFREY ARCHER AT VICHY'S COUNTRY CLUB

VISITS VICHY



SENATOR GUGGENHEIM, MRS. FALTAU AND LE COMMANDANT VILLIERS DE LA NOUE



MR. AND MRS. GEORGE BLUMENTHAL



THIS MERRY PEASANT IS VICHY'S SAUSAGE-SELLER



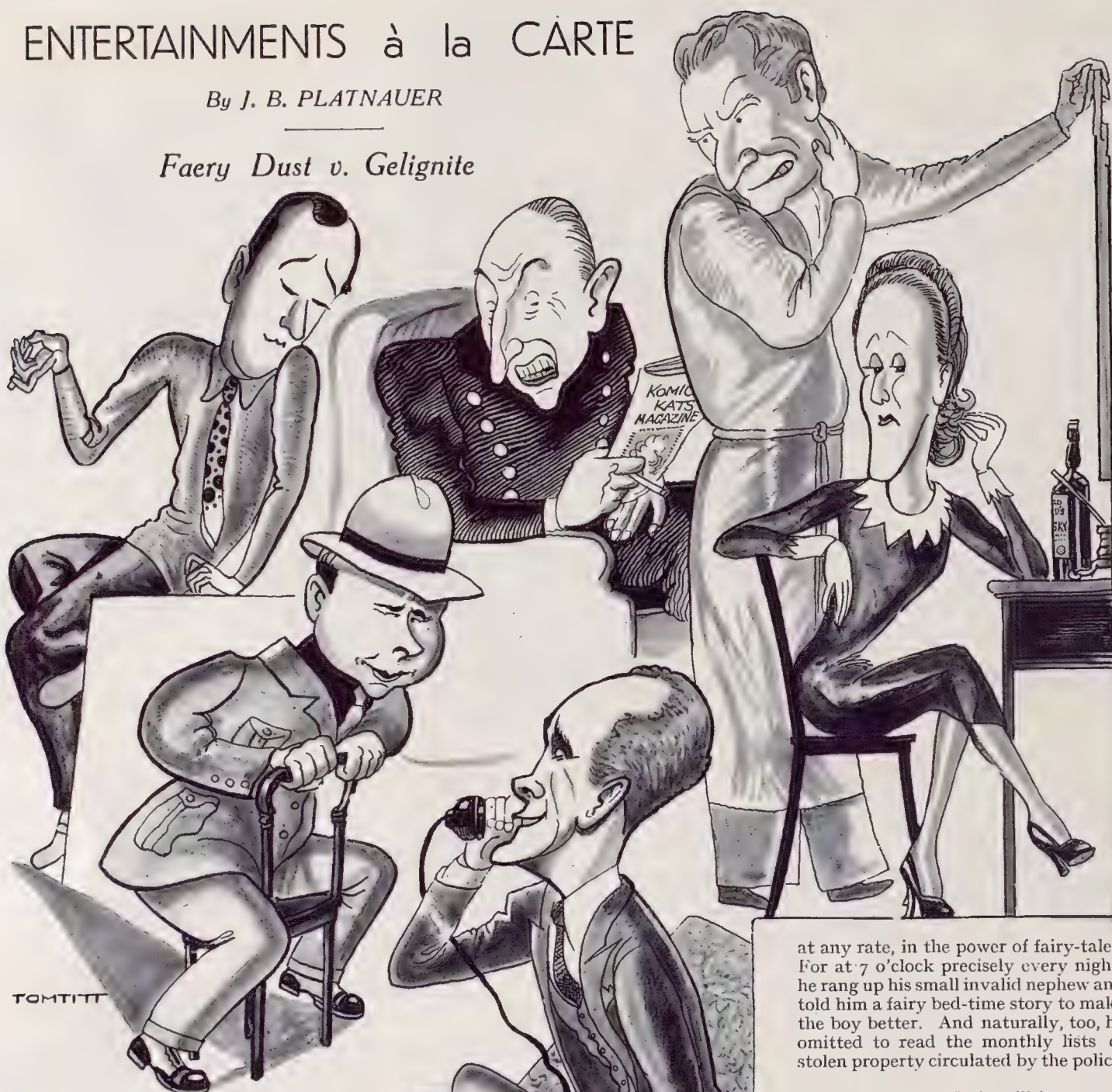
COLONEL HANKEY AND MR. BLACKMER

Vichy, famous for its so salutary water, in which many people over here drink their own health, has had a great influx of cosmopolitan visitors just lately. M. "Fifi" Germot, who used to play tennis for France, is one of the "kings" of Vichy. Another familiar figure there is the Duc d'Uzès whose title dates from the thirteenth century. Tall Sir Geoffrey Archer (6 feet 8 inches, no less) retired in 1926 from the Colonial Civil Service after being Governor-General of the Sudan. Senator Simon Guggenheim, the American copper magnate and an ardent New Dealer, has been doing a cure at Vichy before spending the remainder of his European holiday at Monte Carlo. Mrs. Harry Flatau (Addington and Wentworth) and Le Commandant Villiers de la Noue, of the French Naval Air Service, were recent golf competition prize-winners. Colonel S. T. Hankey, has also been playing golf out there with success, and won the Seniors' Cup, which was presented to him by Mr. Harry Blackmer. The latter, Vice-President of the Senior Golf Société of France, is a pillar of the American colony in Paris. France has good reason to be grateful to Mr. George Blumenthal, of the U.S.A., for he has given immense sums for the rehabilitation of her war-devastated areas

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By J. B. PLATNAUER

Faery Dust v. Gelignite



F AITH can move mountains, we are told. Gelignite we know can. Each method has its adherents. John Fothergill, kind-hearted jeweller, believed in the former. As amiably portrayed by Mr. Owen Nares in Mr. Barré Lyndon's comedy - thriller, "They Came by Night," at the Globe, he is obviously the sort of jeweller who would. He might have done much better if the old family business (now nearly ruined) had been in the Never-Never Land of Peter Pan, instead of in Albemarle Street, W.1. Because, Mr. Fothergill didn't even make a bob for himself when he sold jewellery for a customer, and he was wont to buy brooches from temporarily distressed damsels at a higher price than the goods were worth. An artist rather than salesman, he preferred æsthetically noting the "flow from the centre" of a new design to doing a deal. Naturally, he believed in fairies—or,

at any rate, in the power of fairy-tales. For at 7 o'clock precisely every night, he rang up his small invalid nephew and told him a fairy bed-time story to make the boy better. And naturally, too, he omitted to read the monthly lists of stolen property circulated by the police.

Unworldly Mr. Fothergill is trapped into selling plate on behalf of a wealthy principal, Carl Vollaire (Mr. Cees Laseur), who turns out to be what the popular papers call the "Master-mind" behind a gang of international thieves. The plate was stolen. The respectable Fothergill finds he is a fence. What's more, the lovely damsel in distress, Sally Grosvenor (Miss Ursula Jeans), from whom he had bought jewellery to tide her over difficulties, was an unwitting receiver. Another plant by the Master-mind, who had stolen the goods in Cheltenham, shipped them to the Continent, and sent them to Sally with faked legal documents as a legacy from an aunt who had died in Biarritz. That's how thorough Master-minds can be.

Mr. Fothergill, afraid of exposure, is forced to continue acting as fence for the gang—and Carl Vollaire, who has a nice taste in women, cigars, and dress-clothes, and a nasty guttural accent, is planning work in a big way. He hopes to net jewellery and bullion

SOME CROOKS CAN'T TAKE IT: UNCLE OWEN NARES TELLS A NAREY-FAIRY STORY TO A SICK NEPHEW, WITH VARYING EFFECTS ON OLDER BOYS. TOP (FROM LEFT): WICKED DOPE FIEND, CARL JAFFE; WICKED CHAUFFEUR, ALEXANDER FIELD; WICKED MASTER - MIND BEHIND THE BAD BOYS, CEES LASEUR; WICKED SWEETIE BEHIND THE MASTER-MIND, SARA SEEGAR. ON CHAIR: BUGSIE, THE CROOK WHO WOULDN'T GROW UP. DAVID BURNS



"THE YARD" LOOKS IN:
HENRY CAIN, GEORGE BUTLER

to the value of at least von hondred unt feefty tousand pounds—and that takes some disposing. The old-established and still-respected firm of Fothergill must sell it for him, even if it is spread over three years . . . John Fothergill is apparently theirs for life.

He meets the gang, and finds his new colleagues a bit of a change after the dignity of Albemarle Street. Besides the Chief, there is Georg Schwettel (Mr. Carl Jaffe), a drug-addict artist who paints imitation safes in exchange for his "shot" of dope; "Di" Hopkins (Mr. Alexander Field), a taxi-driver with a past, who acts as chauffeur to the Chief, and general help when there is a job to be done; Claire Madison (Miss Sara Seegar), who doles out dope to Schwettel and home comforts to Voltaire; and Bugsie (Mr. David Burns.)

Both the gang and the play would be the poorer without Bugsie. He, too, is an artist—with the oxy-acetylene flame and the silent drill—and he takes an artist's pride in "blowing a joint." Bugsie, one need hardly say, comes from the U.S.A. (and how!). He must have been a useful man in the Capone era. When he says "I got them sparklers off a guy in Paris," one realises that the word "off" exactly conveys his meaning. He is voluble, tough, child-like and simple; a terror when on the job, but, like all the best film gangsters, as sentimental as a crooner when not professionally engaged.

He, too, believes in fairy stuff. When Mr. Fothergill disarmingly tries to telephone an instalment of his bed-time story from the crooks' headquarters, Bugsie is cross because Voltaire (a non-believer) snatches the telephone away as the story takes on an allegorical similarity with their own nefarious plans.

But Bugsie believes also in gelignite. Perhaps, gentle reader, you haven't seen a joint blown? Bugsie will show you how to get into any supposedly burglar-proof strong-room if you visit the Globe, and the scene in "a bullion-vault in Charterhouse Street" is certainly one of the most novel and thrilling on the London stage.

Poor Mr. Fothergill has to see it, too, as a sort of ex-officio member of the gang, who realise that the more he breaks the law, the less chance of him "squeaking." He had, however, previously learned a thing or two about burglar alarms from a friendly locksmith who had broken his pledge of secrecy to his firm of safe-makers and his pledge of temperance to his society—in *vino veritas*, and all that! By joining two of the disconnected wires, Mr. Fothergill sets the burglar-alarm ringing just as the gelignite takes effect.

Of course, it all comes right in the end. Mr. Fothergill's innocence is established, and the wicked crooks are captured. All except Bugsie, you'll be glad to hear. He escaped to blow another joint, in order, as he puts it, to get a tuxedo to go with the stolen diamonds he had had made into "boittons." The good jeweller marries the lovely lady, and they doubtless live happily ever after. Fairy stuff is stronger than gelignite.

Mr. Owen Nares, helped by a scholarly stoop and a shabby suit, stressed the charm and the whimsicality of a character which, in other hands, and for a more serious purpose, might have been near-Dickensian instead of near-Nares. Mr. Cees Laseur, a Dutch actor making his West End début, provided the right flamboyance for villainy; Mr. Carl Jaffe contributed a clever little sketch of a dope-addict before and after his daily dose; Mr. Henry Caine divertingly displayed the obtuseness that audiences expect from a stage detective, and Mr. Wallace Evennett a little gem of unexaggerated acting as the locksmith abstainer who forgot to abstain. Mr. David Burns got most of the laughs for his engaging Bugsie, and richly deserved them.

The author has obtained his thrills from well-observed mechanical realism. He tells his story with technical knowledge and a lively humour. It can be enjoyed by all who handle engagement rings or golden gifts from either side of the jeweller's counter, and by all who open safes; whether with a key or a stick of dynamite.



THE GIRL LOOKS ON:
URSULA JEANS



AN ABSTAINER
TELLS A SECRET.
WALLACE EVENNETT,
OWEN NARES



Studio Pias

ROUGE ET NOIR: THE DOLWYCK SISTERS

The Dolwyck Sisters are a very popular cabaret turn at present delighting Paris. One of them is brunette and the other of that tint which is known as "auburn" by adults and "carrots" or "ginger" by immature impertinence

TRÈS CHER.—I have never known Paris so full of foreigners and provincials. Bare-legged, bare-headed, yellow-haired visitors from the North, bronzed but cool in summer clothes that are more suitable for the country or the beach than for town wear, but infinitely more agreeable to see than the stuffy "best blacks" of the provincials and the Italians. I wonder if they are all as happy as they look. Visiting churches, monuments and public-buildings-of-interest is hardly my idea of bliss in this weather, but these charming strangers that over-run the town seem to thrive on it.

Yesterday morning it took me several minutes to squeeze my way through the crowd of sightseers that thronged the steps outside the Madeleine Church, where a service was being held in memory of Argentina. Already a year has gone since her sudden passing, and yet our loss seems so recent that we cannot quite believe it. Long tours through North and South America often kept that most lovely and loved dancer away from Paris for many months on end, so that we became accustomed to not seeing her during long lapses of time. Yesterday, however, we realised more keenly than ever that now her absence is for always, and when the organ softly played the stately music of Granadow's "Danza V.," that Argentina had so particularly made her own, it was almost more than we could bear. It is said that Paris forgets easily. In the case of our beloved "Tonia" this is not true. All her friends actually in town were present, and a great many had returned on purpose from the sea or country.

I rarely have seen so many well-known faces at any gathering in late July before. A few days earlier some of her oldest and closest friends had gathered together at the little cemetery at Neuilly, where she lies. There are always fresh flowers on the grave . . . beautiful wreaths

Priscilla in Paris

and crosses, as well as modest little bouquets that have obviously been picked in suburban gardens. Her favourite colours were blue and yellow, and I have often seen humble posies of buttercups and tight little bunches of cornflowers amongst the yellow arums and the long-stemmed roses that come from the florists' shops of the Rue Royale or the Champs-Élysées. . . . She who so loved to be loved and was so true to her friends cannot doubt the great love and loyalty that surround her memory.

On arriving home after this *pieux pèlerinage*, I was brought down to earth with a shock by a telephone call from one of our Welfare Workers, who suggested that, since sweet (to him) are the uses of advertisement, I might care to write-up a certain gala dinner that was taking place next day. I replied impolitely that he might go hang himself with his own braces, and that no adjectived banquet would see me at its festive (says they!) board this side of August. I also added that my w.p. basket is full of torn-up invitation cards, and that his gala could be blanked into eternal nothingness for all I cared.

An injured voice tried to coax me (or was the speaker really impressed?) with the fact that Mme. So-and-So was presiding; this made me giggle, for if one tried to attend *all* the banquets presided over by ex-*Sociétaires* of the Comédie-Française, life would be one long indigestion. One is, morally, so fed-up with everything just now, that the mere mention of being fed with real food gives one a curiously leaden feeling behind the old belt buckle! A slice of iced melon, a trout *en gelée* at one of the "Expo" restaurants overlooking the river, or—to give the Exhibition a miss for one evening—at the Pavillon Henri IV, on the cool heights of Saint Germain en Laye, is the only possible sort of meal one can think of at time o' writing. Besides, I'm not thinking much about anything else just now, than the tyke, who goes to the Big Show to-morrow . . . and who probably gets licked by a Holmesdale Skye, a British champion, who has recently arrived from England. However, that's as may be, and we are doing all we can to keep our tail up . . . which in a Skye is rather an error! The tyke has been brushed and

washed and what-notted at the celebrated Blue Cross clinic in the Rue de Chazelles, where all good dogs are taken. Dr. Méry is the most famous "vet" in Paris, and his walls are hung with photographs of canine celebrities. Lord Tyrrell's bulldog occupies, of course, the place of honour, and next to him comes Armand Massard's Sealyham, Toni. Cécile Sorel smiles seductively, cheek-by-jowl with a surly Chow. Gaby Morlay has posed at various times with: a magnificent greyhound, a couple of perfect Skyes, and a Sealyham, but these have gone the way of all dogs—and people—alas! and now she has "given her heart" to an adorable mongrel "to tear." This same mongrel, be it whispered, had the honour to impersonate Queen Victoria's dog in Gaby's performances of *Victoria Regina*. The French are great dog-lovers. They understand them, and know how to care for them, or else they are wise enough to leave them alone.

PRISCILLA.



AT DEAUVILLE: MR. BEVERLEY BAXTER AND MME. LOUIS VAN DER HEYDEN A HAUZEUR

Two of the many people who head for Deauville at this sultry time of year. Mr. Beverley Baxter was formerly Editor of the "Daily Express" and subsequently adviser to Gaumont-British

OVER THERE : STAR PARTIES



CONSTANCE COLLIER, CHARLIE CHAPLIN
AND PAULETTE GODDARD



AT A PARTY AT MARY PICKFORD'S HOME :
ALLAN JONES AND ANNA STEN



HERE'S FUN: LOUIS HAYWOOD AND
IDA LUPINO TOAST EACH OTHER



FLOWERS FOR SHIRLEY ROSS



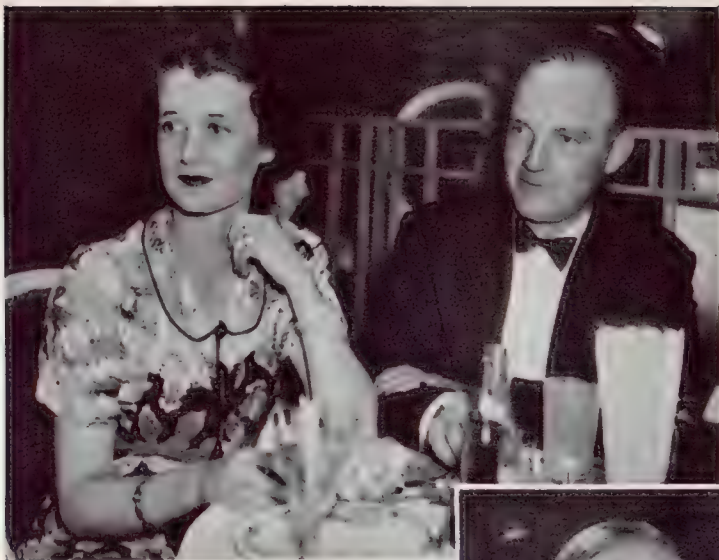
MR. AND MRS. VICTOR ORSATTI (JUNE LANG)
ARE JUST BACK FROM THEIR HONEYMOON

What a lot of fun they have in Hollywood! Just one party after another, or so it seems, judging from the flood of Transatlantic photographs showing stars any and everywhere but on the set. Constance Collier, whose English stage career has been such a brilliant one, has taken very kindly to Californian cameras as well as to the social side of life out there. Charlie Chaplin and leading lady Paulette Goddard were taking Miss Collier around when their car was held up by the photographer, a foregathering at Pickfair being their destination. Anna Sten, who knows how to pick fair in the hat line, was also invited to Mary Pickford's mansion for this particular party. Stanley Lupino's daughter Ida is making very good in Hollywood. She has just finished "Artists and Models" in which she played opposite Jack Benny, now over in London. Shirley Ross, who was photographed aboard S.S. "Lurline," has also played with Jack Benny, the film concerned being "The Big Broadcast of 1937" which was generally released in May. More lately she was seen in London in "Waikiki Wedding," the South Sea Island picture, in which she wore a lei. June Lang, whose recent marriage made her Mrs. Victor Orsatti, is in the new Shirley Temple picture, "Wee Willie Winkie." Johnny Farrow and Eugenie Leontovich, who will be remembered for her brilliant acting with Sir Cedric Hardwicke in "Tovarich," were two of many guests at a party given by P. G. Wodehouse whose inimitable pen has been under contract to Hollywood, and a very profitable contract too

Photographs: Hyman Fink



JOHNNY FARROW AND EUGENIE LEONTOVICH



MR. AND LADY ISABEL GUINNESS

The Duke of Rutland's son-in-law and daughter—he looking very proud and she very charming—were also entertaining at Deauville's opening Gala evening. Mr. Loel and Lady Isabel Guinness had their yacht out there, and the Member for Bath also owns a lovely property quite near Deauville. See below for Lord Kemsley's handsome wife who wore white and sat next to the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster

DEAUVILLE

The Opening Gala

The Deauville season of 1937 got going with a grand gala evening at the Ambassadeurs. Lord Kemsley had just arrived in his yacht, "Princess," and below he is seen with one of his many dinner guests. Lady Alexandra Haig was in emerald green, a colour which suits her excellently



MME. FONCK AND MR. GEORGE PERKINS, M.P.

Mr. George Perkins, M.P. for Stroud, flew to Deauville for the recent Air Rally, at which Mme. Fonck's husband, the French air ace of war-time feats, was a distinguished figure. Mme. Fonck has platinum fair hair a pretty wit, and great intelligence

LORD KEMSLEY DOES HOST
TO LADY ALEXANDRA HAIG

Look below for two people who talked air, but not hot air, during dinner. M. Louis Breguet speaks with scientific authority, being one of the leading aeroplane manufacturers in France. Our famous Amy wore printed brocade with good effect and laughed a lot

EARL WINTERTON HAD LOTS TO SAY
TO LADY KEMSLEYMME. ROBERT FOSSORIER GIVES EAR TO
MR. LINDSAY EVERARD, MELTON'S M.P.MISS AMY JOHNSON WITH M. LOUIS
BREGUET

Mr. Norman Johnstone, Scots Guards, seen on the left with Mrs. Rupert Preston, made his first long solo flight when he piloted himself to Deauville. He has only just got his Certificate A. Turn right for film-famous Merle Oberon and Mr. Michael Crichton. They dined with Mr. Loel and Lady Isabel Guinness and spent the week-end with them aboard their yacht in Deauville harbour



MR. N. JOHNSTONE AND MRS. R. PRESTON



MERLE OBERON AND MR. M. CRICHTON



Charles E. Brown

ON WROXHAM BROAD

The Norfolk Broads are an excellent summer playground, particularly for those who combine a longing for marine achievement with slight knowledge and experience. There are miles upon miles of quiet rivers and endless expanses of landlocked waters. There are villages entirely aquatic where the baker's boy does his rounds in a skiff, there are charming hamlets tucked away by peaceful watersides. Every variety of craft, from the big wherry—a vessel of strangely fine sailing qualities for her light draught—to small dinghies, pass and re-pass on the winding streams. Every variety of helmsman is on view, from the grizzled old professional, nonchalantly threading winding narrows with no more grip of the tiller than the seat of his pants can afford, to the young and earnest tyro caught napping as his hired sloop gybes suddenly and shoots across the stream to drive her spoon-bow harmlessly high and dry on the soft bank of the Waveney

SOCIETY P



Dorothy Wilding

THE HON. MRS. PATRICK BELLEW AND JOHN JEREMY

A new and extra-attractive representation of the wife and son of an artist whose work is such a welcome contribution to general hilarity. The Patrick Bellews started their married life in West Halkin Street, then Lord Bellew's half-brother took a house in Mulberry Walk. Chelsea air, traditionally famed for its salubriousness, certainly seems to suit young John Jeremy de la Poer Bellew, who will soon be six months old, and is big for his age. He is a special favourite with his grandfather, Lord Decies



MRS. DUN

Here is the eldest of Mr. and daughters, who has hereditarily an admirable A.D.C. to her very definite views on modern life has been Mrs. Duncan Sandys since 1935 that her husband, Mr. Sandys, entered Parliament, and for the Norwood Division. Duncan Sandys live in Vauxhall and handy both for the R.H.S. shows. They have a

ORTRAITURE



N SANDYS

Cannons of Hollywood

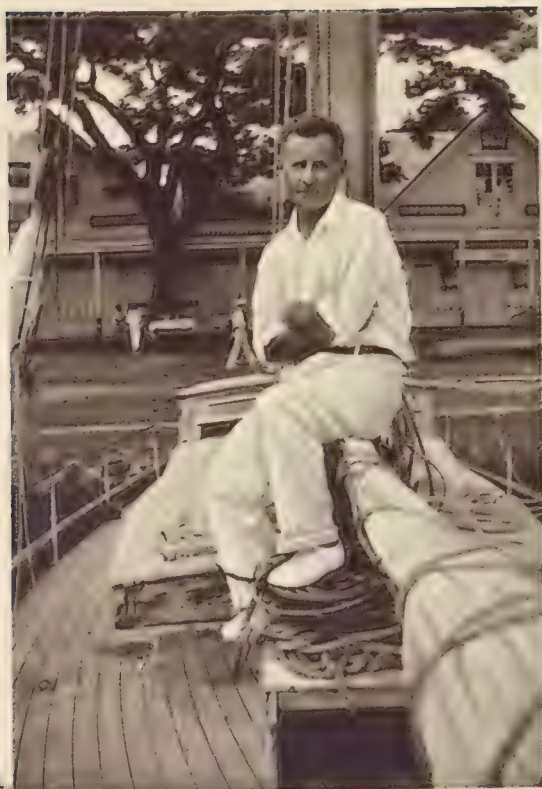


LADY MAIDSTONE AND THE HON. CHRISTOPHER FINCH-HATTON

Lenore

On July 11 Lord and Lady Maidstone, son and daughter-in-law of Lord and Lady Winchilsea, were celebrating an important date—namely, the second anniversary of their wedding. Their marriage took place in London, and many members of the Diplomatic Corps attended it, Lady Maidstone's father, Count Laszló Szécheny, being then Hungarian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. The Hon. Christopher Denys Stormont Finch-Hatton arrived last November. His aunt, Lady Daphne Straight, is one of his godparents

THE KING OF SINGLE-HANDED YACHTSMEN



The single-handed yachtsman needs a temperament of a particular kind—the temperament that can enjoy infinite loneliness. He needs, also, skill and resource beyond the ordinary and courage beyond measure. M. Bernicot built his little 10-tonner *Anahita* at Finistère last year. With her he has outdone the famous Alain Gerbault, for he took her round the Horn! Starting from Morlaix in France he touched Funchal and Mar del Plata in the Argentine. Through the Magellan Straits (and a storm blew out his mainsail and drove him to 55 degrees South Latitude). He worked her (how?) to Rikitea and eventually to Papeete, Tahiti, where these excellent photographs were taken. His future route is the beautiful, but reef-strewn, passage of Torres Straits, then the Cape of Good Hope, and so to France. A splendid and gallant performance!

Photographs: F. G. Bowers



M. BERNICOT AND "ANAHITA" AT PAPEETE

SOME RECENT AMATEUR TEAMS



THE BLUE MANTLES XI. v. INCOGNITI

Standing: J. C. Streatfield, F. Partridge, W. E. Furze, V. H. Woeyson, J. C. L. Murdock, J. B. Caswell and Moss (umpire). Seated: C. M. Beville, A. L. Douglas, F. S. May (capt.), M. Mackinnon and P. J. May



Photos. Crisp

THE INCOGNITI XI. v. BLUE MANTLES

Standing: D. E. Young, H. M. O. Jones-Davies, W. E. Mitchell-Innes, H. J. Palmer, H. F. Benka, J. Tresawna. Seated: R. B. D. Wright, L. C. Bostock, H. Thompson (capt.), A. S. Young and L. A. Craven



THE R.A.F. COLLEGE XI. v. AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE

Standing: Fl.-Cadets D. R. D. Green, D. Salney, H. F. D. Breese, Squadron Leaders B. C. Yarde, A. Newman, Fl.-Cadets P. R. W. Wickham, H. N. Garbett and M. G. Homer. Seated: Fl.-Cadets W. O. Mould, J. H. Lapsley, A. D. Pantou (capt.), D. G. Heaton-Nicholls and B. P. Young



Photos. Howard Barrett

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE XI. v. R.A.F. COLLEGE

Standing: C. Walter, P. Carroll, J. Greenish, the Rev. R. P. H. Utley, C. Ryan, G. Garbett, A. Mahoney. Seated: R. N. Cardwell, J. Horner, P. Wells (capt.), T. Redfern and M. A. Sutton

A page of pictures of some teams of amateurs who have been active in the season now drawing towards its end. Unfortunately the details of the Blue Mantles v. Incogniti match are not available and as to its result we can only comment with Southey's "Gran'pope"

*"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."*

In the match between Ampleforth and the R.A.F. College (commonly known as "Cranwell") the finish was exciting, Ampleforth having one wicket to fall at the beginning of the last over. With the last ball of this over Heaton Nicholls took the wicket and so the flying men won by 88 runs. The Royal Fusiliers have had a good season, their victims including Eton Ramblers, the Household Brigade and I Z

(ON RIGHT) THE ROYAL FUSILIERS XI.

Standing: Capt. F. D. Rome, Mr. C. W. C. Packe, Mr. R. J. S. Rust, R.S.M. Rolfe, Sgt. Henderson and L.-Col. Bennett. Seated: Capt. D. W. G. Ray, Lt.-Col. M. O. Clarke, Major W. A. Trasenster (capt.), Capt. J. H. T. Mardall and Capt. B. McCall



Pictures in the Fire

As we are very rapidly approaching the Dead Dog Days, that time when Anyone who is Anyone ought not to be seen in London, I think it is extremely kind and thoughtful of Mr. Ronald Kaulback, Wing Commander E. B. Beauman and others to dig up the "Abominable Snowmen" of Tibet for us, and do it, moreover, in such a highly respectable place as the columns of our friend "The Thunderer." Both of the gentlemen just named have been in Tibet, and have come across these peculiar pug-marks at as low an altitude as 14,000 feet. The writer of these notes has also been in Tibet (1904), and at that time came across

bundles of abominable snowmen—in fact, the Expeditionary Force was simply stiff with them, but they did not go about frightening the local inhabitants. Save that many of them were quite exceptional liars, they were harmless. They filled up the confiding London Press with things which I suppose only sensation-hungry Fleet Street would swallow. They never got on to these giant footprints. If they had even heard of them, do you think that they would have missed them? I tried to adhere to the truth, and in consequence, of course, missed the bus quite often.

I went up to Tibet to relieve a prize romancer who had been so stupid as to get some of his fingers cut off—a whole hand, I think it was! He would have been on to the Abominable Snowmen at once if there had been so much as a sniff of them in the air. That cove told his paper that he rode from Darjeeling to a place called Phari (on the Great Plateau) in one day. It is at least four days' hard marching, and difficult, even with transport hurled at you. At that time everything that



AT THE COTSWOLD AGRICULTURAL SHOW

The Cotswold Show was held recently and attracted a very large number of people well known in that part of the world. Some of them are in the above group which consists of the Hon. Bertram and Mrs. Freeman-Mitford, Sir Reginald Holland and Lady Holland, Lord Ashton of Hyde, M.F.H., and Lady Ashton and Lord Knutsford, M.F.H.

THE recent snapshot of Der Führer and a typical example of British loveliness is *not* considered (in Germany, at any rate) to be another sinister effort to drive anything in the way of a "wedge" in between England and France. The comment in Germany runs more on the lines of noting the Führer's *sehr freundliches gesicht* and his taste exact in picking so lovely a lady with whom to be snapshotted. The fact that Herr Hitler has completely abandoned the Maxton coiffure, and that his moustache can no longer be said to be a piratical infringement upon that of another celebrity, may have lent some colour to the "wedge" scare—but I am satisfied that there is really nothing to fuss about. The thing no one in England seems to understand is that both Herr Adolf Hitler and General Goering have a keen sense of humour, are even capable of pulling people's legs and are nothing like so fierce as they are popularly supposed to be—particularly by the comic artists with political leanings.



AT THE OLD BERKS PUPPY SHOW

These two cognoscenti at the Old Berks Show are Brigadier-General C. G. Higgins and Mrs. T. MacDougal. The latter is the wife of Captain "Tommy" MacDougal, the Master of this very good pack of hounds



Truman Howell

LORD TREDEGAR'S BIRTHDAY HOUSE-PARTY

Lord Tredegar's party at Tredegar Castle for the occasion of his birthday are seen above, they are Miss Inez Holden of literary fame, the Marchesa Mattei, Lady Foley, Mr. Godfrey Winn, of lawn tennis fame, Lord Foley, Count Woronzow-Daschkow, Mrs. J. Dodge, Lady Marion Cameron, Lord Annaly and Mrs. Shane Leslie, wife of the famous Irish author



Stuart

THE WINCHESTER XI, 1937

The Winchester XI. this year drew with Harrow, Charterhouse and Eton and beat Marlborough. The names are: Standing: T. W. G. Hulbert, M. W. Osmund, H. A. Parson, R. J. Palmer, P. H. C. Pawson, I. P. Garrow, A. H. Bridge. Seated: J. Stanning, R. P. Proud, W. D. Alexander (captain), G. E. Dixon and H. T. Davv

By "SABRETACHE"



ALSO AT THE OLD BERKS PUPPY SHOW

Mrs. Michael Hornby is seen discussing the young entry with Mr. Hilton Green. The latter is the Master of the Cottesmore, and he has been in charge since 1931

was nothing too hot or too heavy for these unblushing romancers, who believed that the remoteness of Tibet gave them safety. One of these heroes, who was with the people who were bottled up in a place called Gyantse, to relieve which the customary "one-man-and-a-boy" column was sent, showed me a hole in his tent, only too obviously made by its having been burnt by a candle, and assured me, with a semi-quaver in his voice, that it was made by a round shot from a *jingal* (local cannon), and had missed his nose by inches. That was the kind of form they were—unbeatable!

It may be, of course, that the noise made by brutal and licentious soldiery advancing to war may have scared any other Abominable Snowmen away, but I am as certain as I sit

could carry a pack was so badly wanted that even yaks were scarce. This romancer said he did it on one pony. Of course, it is rather futile to say to anyone, "Go and look at it, and then say what you think of your chance with one pony," because you cannot; but if you can imagine a succession of hills, each worse than the last, with one pass (the Siboo-la) with a gradient 1 ft. in 1½ ft. for at least five miles—roads in the good parts a joke, and at that time very treacherous owing to the rains, you may know how much to believe of this one-day Darjeeling to Phari yarn. He just never did more than anyone else, sixteen miles a day at the outside. Twenty miles' forced march is the limit over such country.

All this is recited purely to indicate that if there had been any yarns about these giants with feet two yards long, the avid chroniclers of the type I have just mentioned would have been on to them, and given Fleet Street not only photographs of the Snowmen's footprints, but of the Abominables themselves. There



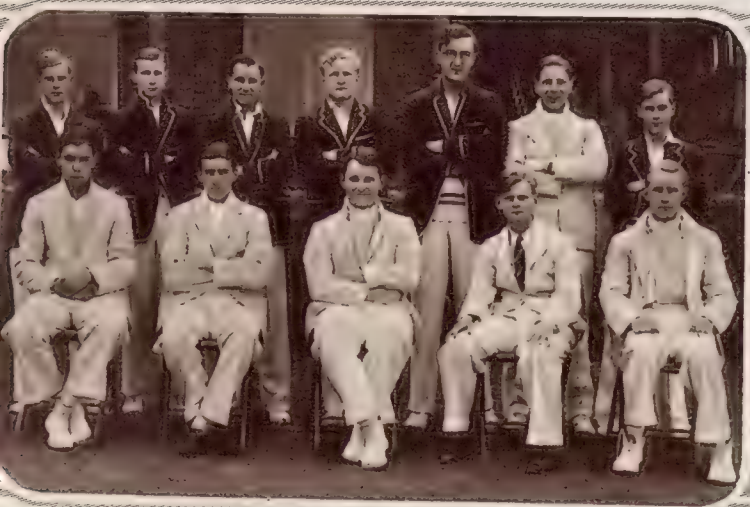
Pool, Dublin

AT COUNTY MEATH AGRICULTURAL SHOW, NAVAN

The people in this group at an important Irish show are Lady Fingall; Mrs. E. Glen Browne, a daughter of the late Sir Richard Musgrave and a former Master of the West Waterford; Sir Thomas Ainsworth, formerly Master of the Meath and many other packs; Mrs. A. H. Connell, Joint-Master the Meath and Master of the North Kildare Harriers; and Captain W. L. Naper, late R.H.G., formerly Master of the Ballymacad Hounds in Co. Meath

here that, if at that time they had been around, our intelligencers would have been on to them like a knife. We only went up as high as 17,000 feet, but Snowmen pugmarks, we are now told, have been seen at 14,000 feet. Tibet is rather a steep and slippery country, and anyone could make a six-foot skid mark without much bother.

Monkeys are not fond of these high altitudes in the Himalayas, anyway in cold or rainy weather, for, like some of their first cousins, they prefer something about 7000 feet, at a place like Simla, for instance. At that spot, the monkey G.H.Q. is a hill called, quite appropriately, Jakko, and there used to be an old fakir who lived at the top of it and fed the "monks." Not that they wanted feeding, because they were star foragers, and also a perfect pest.



THE CHARTERHOUSE XI. FOR 1937

Another of this season's cricket teams. Charterhouse drew their matches with both Eton and Winchester. The names are (standing): R. A. Orton, A. B. Allen, P. W. Coggins, G. W. Rotherham, J. H. H. Knight, D. D. Crofts, H. C. N. M. Oulton. (Seated) J. A. Compton, A. K. Hughes, P. C. Weeks (captain), C. W. S. Lubbock and P. F. Beane



Paterson

THE "WISHBONE'S" SHIP'S COMPANY IN NORTHERN WATERS

"Wishbone" is owned by the son of Sir Jeremiah Colman, of Hatton Hall. The above photographs were taken recently in the Caledonian Canal, that lovely waterway which cuts clean across Scotland from Inverness to Oban. On the left are seen Mr. and Mrs. Colman, and the group on the right includes Mrs. Colman, Mr. and Mrs. Bridgeman and Mr. Rodd

POLO NOTES : By "SERREFILE"

THE Military Handicap Tournament at Roehampton, which was washed out by the rain last season, as have been some other fixtures this year, is in some small measure a consolation prize for regiments whose teams have missed fire in the Inter-Regimental, but being a low-goal battle, it is not open to any of them to play their full regimental sides. I think it would add interest if it were a handicap on the Inter-Regimental, and I believe that this change would be popular with the soldiers. Played as it is now, it does, of course, give a chance to the younger player of being incorporated with the bigger guns of his regimental team, which he would not otherwise get, but as there is always the Subalterns' Cup, I do not think it would do any harm if it were turned into an Inter-Regimental Handicap. The Territorial Army and the Yeomanry can, presumably, have a smack at the Inter-Regimental if they want to, and after what we saw of two of these teams in the Military Tournament, I think that it is a pity that they do not; but if this were a handicap on the Inter-Regimental, with no restrictions, it would add a bit of prestige. From the public's point of view, I am sure that the vote would be overwhelmingly in favour of this very good *réchauffé*. Regimental sides have a definite meaning for the onlooker; many other sides which are seen out during the season, owing to the way in which their units are chopped and changed, very often have no meaning at all. It is very confusing to the Man in the Stand to see "A" a wild beast with teeth and claws in one match, and a card in a pack, or a penguin, in the next. Therefore, the more we have of sides which represent something more than just four cracks pitted against four other cracks, the better from every point of view.

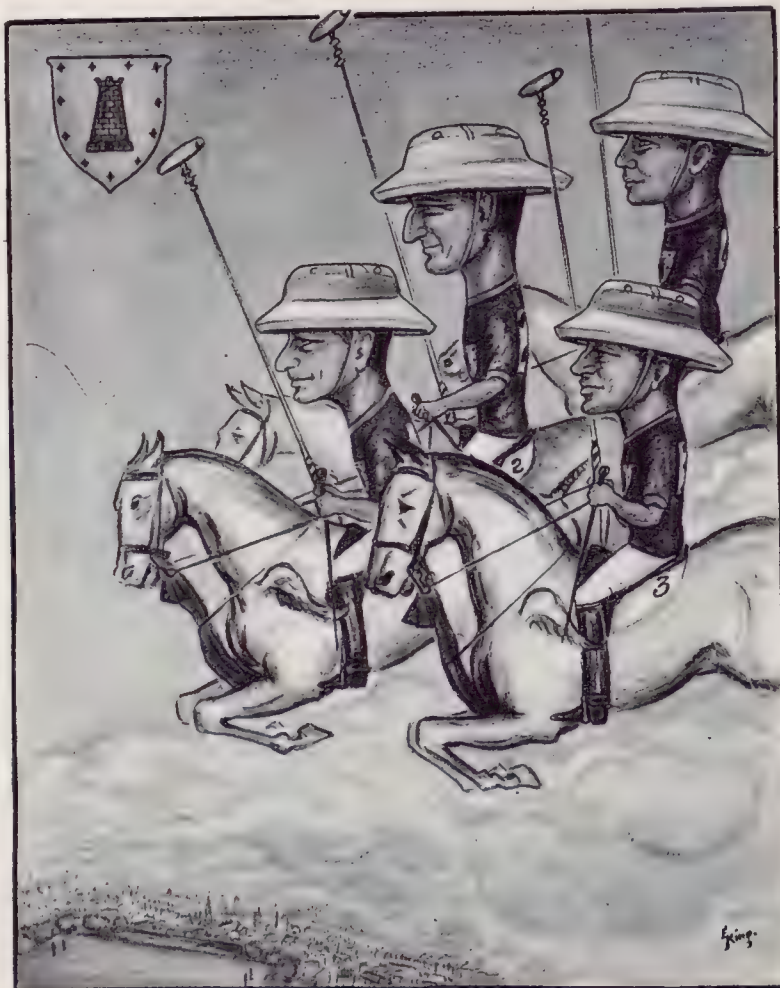
Let it not be thought that I am again any-one collecting as strong a fighting force as he can, but, once collected, I think, and the public thinks, he should be made to stick to it, and not go out colaring any other plums which may have dropped off other trees. I was given to understand last season that the Powers-that-Be took this view. I am sure that an edict embodying my very humble suggestion is long overdue. Once a Tiger always a Tiger would not be a bad rule. The Old Cantabs, as they used to be, were the perfect example of how four cracks and reserves should be collected and kept together. I am sure that they would never have dreamt of popping in an Oxonian if one of the Light Blues went amiss: yet that would not have been more incongruous than what we see to-day, and have seen for years past. I feel sure that the Arsenal F.C. would not think of purloining the best they could get from Chelsea—even if it were lawful for them so to do. But if they were a polo and not a Soccer side, no one would say much about it.

As to this sporting Military Handicap Tournament, it was virtually all over when The

Bays swept the 10th Hussars from their path. Each side had a good seasoning of their Regimental teams, but whereas The Bays went the very best all the way, the 10th never came near what they were, when they beat the Warwickshire Yeomanry in one of the opening ties. The Bays, it is true, had three of their regimental side to the 10th's only two; but even so, the Light Cavalry never did themselves justice and were not the team we expected to see. The Bays' team on this day was a better side than the one which got knocked endways by the 15/19th Hussars (9—3) in the Inter-Regimental. They have a great stabiliser in their C.O., and I cannot pretend to understand why they went to bits so badly in the big battle, especially after their good stripped gallop against a strong Knaves' side. On that occasion they were given 6½ goals start, and won all the way—final result 10½ to 3. I do not think that you can always completely disregard collateral form in polo. You dare not on the Turf. One might have in The Bays' case, if they had not capped this performance against The Knaves by an almost equally good one against The Wanderers (Major N. W. Leaf, Raj Kumar Prithi Singh, Lord Louis Mountbatten, and Captain D. J. E. Norton), not a team as we ought to think of it, but a pretty strong scratch side, all the same. Level, The Bays would have been beaten 5 to 4; actual scores, 9½ (received 5½) to 5.

The final of the Military Handicap was rather a fiasco, for some of the Scots Greys (B) ponies never arrived, and consequently they were completely disorganised. The Bays sportingly agreed to make it four chukkers instead of six, and they could not help winning anyhow by 9 to 1. I do not think they would have had any kind of walk-over

if The Greys had been able to play as they had when they beat the Territorial Army in the semi-final (8½, rec. 2½, to 8), the Terriers being like this: Sir Ian Walker, Lord Cowdray, Major W. H. Whitbread, and Mr. J. G. Morrison. It was a very nice game of the good smack hard and smack often order. One of the most interesting ties for future reference was the one between The Bays and the Life Guards; result 11 to 6½ (rec. 4½); that is to say that it was 11 to 2 level; and in the Inter-Regimental, the Life Guards (same team) got beaten by the Royals 9—3. I think for a "young" side in the making, this is encouraging, and I feel that a strict attention to business between now and next year's Inter-Regimental will bring its just reward. The Household Cavalry was pretty well mounted, bar one or two obvious mistakes, which can easily be drafted; they are a hard-driving team, and I am sure that they can make up into something at least five goals better than they are at the moment. I am emboldened to make these remarks by the way they set about The Bays in this Military Tournament. It is the young player we have got to foster, as I quite agree with my fellow conspirator of *The Times*.



THE NAWAB OF BHOPAL'S TEAM

An impression by an artist in India of this fine side as it was when it arrived in England this year. Unhappily, H.H. the Nawab got a bad fall and it was found impossible to go for the Championship, the original objective. The names in the picture are, left to right: Raj Kumar Prithi Singh, Captain H. C. Walford, 17/21st Lancers, Rao Rajah Hanut Singh and H.H. the Nawab of Bhopal

POLO AT FERNE AND RANELAGH



THE FERNE WINNERS: THE YELLOW PERILS—MR. E. MARSDEN, LT.-COL. H. W. ASTON, CAPT. W. B. CHAMBERLAIN AND BRIGADIER F. B. HURNDALL



FERNE RUNNERS-UP: THE DÉBUTANTS—MR. R. A. F. WILLIAMS, MR. J. DRUMMOND-HAY, MR. L. GARDNER AND MR. W. NEILL

Photos: Bealing & Son



THE RANELAGH LADIES' TEAM: MRS. PHILIP FLEMING (CAPTAIN), THE HON. MRS. MURRAY, LADY PRISCILLA WILLOUGHBY AND MRS. JOHN BOTT



THE RUGBY LADIES' TEAM: THE HON. MRS. E. GREENALL, MISS F. PHILIPS, MISS B. BALDING AND MISS J. FORWOOD

Polo on the distaff side is by now a well-established feature, but still the sterner sex came out at the top in the Ferne Club's Tournament. The winners and runners-up were the only two all-masculine teams playing and had the highest but one and the lowest team handicaps in the tournament respectively. In the Ladies' Tournament at Ranelagh the Rugby team were the eventual winners, hardly surprising when one realises what a collection of star horsewomen from the Shires they represent. The Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall is the wife of the Joint-Master, with Colonel Colman, of the Belvoir; Balding is a name to conjure with in polo, and Miss Judy Forwood has been famous across country and in the Show-ring from a very early age. Miss Diana Bell is the daughter of Mr. "Ikey" Bell, the former very well-known Master of the South and West Wilts, "The Blazers" and Kilkenny. Brigadier F. B. Hurndall is a famous polo-player of past days, and was an International in 1924. He was originally a 20th Hussar, later commanded the 14/20th, and later still the 2nd Cavalry Brigade

ON RIGHT: THE FERNE "A" TEAM—MISS JOAN LYSLEY, MISS DIANA BELL, MISS NELL CAMPBELL (CAPTAIN) AND MISS K. TATHAM-WARTER



LAWN TENNIS :: By "RABBIT"



THE DAVIS CUP CHALLENGE ROUND :

H. W. AUSTIN AND F. A. PARKER

Austin "drew first blood" for England in the Davis Cup Challenge Round, defeating Parker with ease, 6-3, 6-2, 7-5. The American's lack of experience was only too obvious and the British player was never fully extended

encounters between a variety of blazers, bowling and batting styles.

So it is, too, in the tennis world, but, alas! not to the same extent. I say "alas!" because I think it is a pity to see the game of lawn tennis becoming every year increasingly commercialised and specialised, so that everyone except the cracks is being weeded out of competitive play, and, in consequence, the handicap events, which should provide just as many entrants, if not more than the open ones with their challenge cups, are in so many meetings being largely curtailed. So that there is nothing left for the rabbits to do except go out in the first round of the "opens," and thereafter, for the rest of the week, occupy their time umpiring for the nobs, who are on tour for the summer, picking out tournaments which will allow them the best chances to pick up prize-vouchers and a pot or two in each port of call.

That's why it gave me such pleasure to read in the accounts of last week's winners in various tournaments, two names that are, at any rate, unfamiliar ones in the tennis world. The names of B. H. Valentine, the Kent cricketer, and C. S. Crawley, of racquets fame. They had both been playing at East Grinstead, where, partnered by South Africa's leading star, V. G. Kirby, Valentine managed to carry off the open men's doubles, beating I. G. Collins and his partner Crawley, after a close match entailing two advantage sets. A refreshing final, with new faces and new styles, instead of the same old combinations that go pot-hunting from tournament to tournament, crabbing each other off the court, and holding a balance-of-power alliance on it.

So I should have liked to have seen Mr. Crawley and Mr. Valentine bringing new blood to the game, just as I am

THIS is the time of the year when the small country tournament comes into its own: something between county cricket matches and the house-party-cum-village affair, when alternately on the village green and the private ground of the squire's home, Saturday, and even Sunday, is given up to a series of light-hearted

always pleased when Cyril Tolley takes the court, even if he does hit some of his forehand drives into the rough; and I am sorry I was not at East Grinstead on finals' day, where, incidentally, Mrs. Macinnes showed that she had lost none of the skill that brought her much success as Miss Olga Webb, by defeating that crafty campaigner, Miss Ermytrude Harvey. Just as I am sorry, too, that, through a maddening mischance, I also missed the epic encounter in the final of the Davis Cup matches between Budge and von Cramm, though it must have been a sad moment for the latter's supporters, among whom I number myself, when that 4-1 lead in the fifth set suddenly faded away as certain victory seemed in sight. Had the German won, I should have fancied our chances more in the challenge round, but I won't comment any further about that, because I am writing this before the match is over, and I must await events. But, in passing, I would just like to hand out a word of congratulation, so to speak, in advance, to Charlie Hare, on that wonderful first set against Budge, when he held the giant-killer right up till 13-all, and, at the same time, express my surprise that Frankie Parker put up such a poor show against Austin. I should have said he was worth at least a set, if not two. But there—one of the greatest charms about the game of lawn tennis is not only its infinite variety but also its infinite uncertainty. Why, do you know, on one occasion

at Wimbledon, at the beginning of the century, two of the hardest hitting ladies of the day, Mrs. Hannam and Miss Tulloch, met in the first round. Whereupon, Mrs. Hannam proceeded to obtain what appeared to be the invincible lead of a set up, five-one and forty-love. But a spectator who came to see the end of the match and congratulate the winner, instead of waiting a few minutes, had to stay at the side of the court for another hour, and then shake hands with the lady who, at first sight, had appeared to be a certain loser—Miss Tulloch.

But I've got back to Wimbledon, and this week I am determined to get away from the Mecca and talk about the mediocre, if those who enter a seaside or country tournament for fun, as opposed to gain, and cheerfully choose their partners out of the hat, will forgive being thus designated. Actually, many a seasoned star has been given the deuce of a fright by a local planet, who has swum across his or her path early in the week, and proceeded to hit winners all over the court, before experience finds an answer to the desperation tactics of someone who had everything to gain and nothing to lose from the encounter. Of course, the conditions that are to be found in many of the smaller tournaments tend to level things up, too, because, if you are not certain whether the next ball is going to shoot along the ground or bounce over your shoulder, it makes stroke production seem sadly out of place, and the more haphazard methods of an opponent, who is used to taking the rough with the smooth, seem momentarily at a premium and to be envied for their practical results in scraping the ball back somehow over the net.

Of course, it would be wrong to suggest that all tournaments outside the Metropolitan area are played on bad courts, or under poor conditions. Far from it. Bournemouth, for instance, which always has its annual summer meeting during the first week in August, possesses a whole series of courts that are every blade as good as the outside courts at Wimbledon. The grounds, again, on which the Brocklehurst tournaments in the New Forest are played, as well as the Winchester courts, on which the Countess de la Valdene won her second victory in the ladies' singles in consecutive weeks, leave nothing to be desired, any more than do the conditions at Buxton for the Derbyshire championships,

(Continued on page ii)



THE BRITISH DAVIS CUP SECOND STRING :

C. E. HARE ROLLS A "WOOD"

C. E. Hare covered himself with glory in the Challenge Round. Although beaten, he pushed Budge to 15-13 in the first set, and but for a doubtful line decision this might have been even worse for the American. In the fateful meeting with Parker, however, he lost by 6-2, 6-4, 6-2. He is seen here relaxing during his training with a quieter but no less accurate game

PICTURES FROM HERE AND THERE



ABOARD LORD CHAPLIN'S S.Y. "FOINAVEN": MR. PATRICK AGNEW, LADY NUTTALL, THE HON. NIAL CHAPLIN, MRS. FRANK-STANLEY CLARKE AND THE OWNER



ON STOWE SCHOOL SPEECH DAY: SIR THOMAS INSKIP AND MR. J. F. ROXBURGH (THE HEADMASTER)



LORD SHERBORNE AND MRS. WOODCOCK AT THE WITNEY AND OXFORD AERO CLUB PARTY LAST WEEK



ALSO: HERR R. KRONFELD, MR. S. W. SAUNDERS (MANAGER, WITNEY AERODROME), MISS FRANK AND MR. TOMMY ROSE

When the group at the top of the page was taken aboard Lord Chaplin's yacht, she was in Erriboll Bay, off the coast of Sutherland, and with the owner and his son are Lady Nuttall, wife of Sir Keith Nuttall, both well known in Cheshire and Leicestershire hunting worlds, and also as owners on the turf—Lady Nuttall's *Faites Vos Jeux* won this year's Chester Cup, Mr. Patrick Agnew, who is a cousin of the present Baronet, Sir Fulque Agnew, and Mrs. Stanley Clarke. The weather at that moment was more ingratiating than it has been of late. The Minister for Defence, surely one of the most tried men of the moment, who was not educated at Stowe, but at Clifton, nevertheless graced the school's Speech Day and is seen in the beautiful grounds with the Headmaster. Stowe was founded in 1923 and the central building was formerly the eighteenth-century seat of the Dukes of Buckingham. Many celebrities foregathered at the Witney and Oxford Aero Club's Garden Party and the camera has collected a few of them for us. Herr Kronfeld is Germany's gliding expert and is in the same group as someone who has written Britain's name in big letters in the air, Tommy Rose. Miss Frank, who is also in the group, is the Secretary of the Guild of Air Pilots, and Lord Sherborne, seen sitting in the sun with Mrs. Woodcock, married a daughter of the late Mr. William Baird of Elie, the famous Cottesmore Master

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

HE was arguing with great fervour against corporal punishment for boys, which, he declared, never did any good.

"Take my own case," he cried. "I was caned only once in all my life, and that was for speaking the truth."

"Well," retorted someone in the audience, "it certainly cured you."

THE master of the house could hear a frightful din going on in the servants' quarters. He rang and rang, and at length the butler arrived, and was asked the meaning of the noise.

"I'm sorry, sir," explained the butler. "It happens to be cook's birthday and we are celebrating. The game they are playing is rather a noisy one, I'm afraid, sir, consisting of all the men standing in a ring with one girl in the centre, blindfolded. This girl has to be kissed by a man and then guess his name by the kiss."

"That sounds a very amusing game," said the master. "I wonder whether I might join in and give them a surprise?"

"I'm sure we'd all be honoured if you'd join us, sir," said the butler, "but I fear it will not be a surprise. You see, sir, your name has been mentioned several times already."



Tunbridge

STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE: MISS SUSAN PEARCE

Miss Pearce is the eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. W. J. Pearce, who are very well known with the Pytchley and Warwickshire. She is an enthusiast of the ballet, and is taking it up in earnest as a career.



Dorothy Wilding

LEADING LADY OF "THE GUSHER": CHRISTINE BARRY

Christine Barry was the leading lady of "The Frog," and in its fifteen-months' run never missed one performance. She is now in the new Firth Shephard production, "The Gusher," by Ian Hay, which opened at the Princes Theatre on July 31st.

The film producer visited his oculist and complained of seeing spots before his eyes.

"Well," smiled the oculist, "there's nothing serious about that. We'll have you fixed up in no time at all. Why, thousands of people see spots before their eyes."

The film producer sighed.

"Yes, I know that," he replied, "but mine are in technicolour."

"Do you let your wife have the last word?" asked one.

"I'd gladly let her have the last word," groaned the other, "if she would only come to it some time."

A special preacher, about to ascend the pulpit in a country church, was asked if he would like any particular hymn to be sung in keeping with his sermon.

"No, no," was the reply. "As a matter of fact, I seldom know what I'm going to say until I arrive in the pulpit."

"Oh, well, in that case," said the vicar, "we had better have one of the hymns 'for those at sea.'"

The men of to-day are no good," thundered the pub orator. "Can you mention one man in the last twenty years who was braver than Horatius, wiser than Solomon, more honest than George Washington, or even more handsome than Apollo?"

"Yes," said a very meek-looking little man in the corner.

"Who?"

"My wife's first husband."

"Please, sir," said the private, "could yer get me transferred to me brother?"

"What's his number?" asked the officer, who was filling up a form.

"102698, sir."

"Mechanic in the Air Force, I suppose?"

"No, sir, conductor in the Wigan trams!"

He was a novice at the royal and ancient game, and his sartorial outfit was considerably more impressive than his shots. He found great difficulty in hitting the ball, and found it much easier to hit the ground, and the turf flew in all directions.

After a time he turned to his opponent.

"What do you think of the course?" he asked chattily.

"What do I think of it?" gasped the other, as he wiped a slice of the landscape from his mouth. "The best I ever tasted!"

AFLOAT AND ASHORE



AT COWES: LORD
AND LADY ARRAN



ALSO PACING THE CAMERA: SIR
GODFREY AND LADY BARING



COMING ASHORE: THE HON. KITTY
SEELY AND LORD MOTTISTONE



Claude Fisher

LORD VENTRY AND ANOTHER HIKING
ENTHUSIAST IN EPPING FOREST



Holloway

BRITAIN'S JUMPING TEAM FOR DUBLIN

(L. to R.) Lt. J. C. H. Mead (R.H.A.), Major Friedberger (R.H.A.), Major J. H. Dudgeon (Scots Greys), Lt. J. A. Talbot-Ponsonby (7th Hussars), and Captain E. D. Howard-Vyse (R.H.A.)

Cowes is already very full and at the top of this page are a few of the well-known people who are to be met with both afloat and ashore. The Roads were very full last week and amongst the numerous craft of all types was Lord Arran's schooner "Amphitrite." Cowes would not be Cowes without the owner of Nubia House and its equally popular châtelaine, Lady Baring; or without the Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, who is seen coming ashore with one of his younger daughters, the Hon. Kitty Seely. Lord Ventry can probably claim the hiking record for the Peerage of Great Britain, for his chiefest joy is a small tent, the open road, and someone to keep him company. The snapshot was taken in Epping Forest quite recently. Only five of our Army jumping team for Dublin Horse Show are seen in the above picture, the sixth one being Captain Sir Peter Grant-Lawson. Last year, both at Dublin and in the U.S.A., our team did so well that high hopes are entertained about this year's chances. The snapshot was taken at Weedon



"WAITING FOR A RIDE" AT HESTON

A group at Heston waiting for joy-rides in Mr. Amhurst Villiers' new machine. They are: Mr. W. Clyde and Miss Rosemary Robertson (who are engaged, incidentally), Mr. and Mrs. K. Thornton, Mr. J. King, Miss Dorothy Hyson, Mrs. Amhurst Villiers and Miss Roma Ahearn

Flying Fantassins.

RAINING infantrymen from the skies was originally a Russian idea. It would be. The toiling masses took to it, and now not only Russian soldiers, but Russian civilians as well, do parachute drops as a sort of amusement, like going on the wiggle-woggle at the fair. And the technique of raining soldiers has been developed, and is now of real tactical value. Obviously, its uses are strictly limited, but within those limitations, it is an important and entirely new method of waging war. One can plant a small detachment of infantry in some otherwise inaccessible point, where it can create a diversion or otherwise play its part in the main tactical scheme. Nor is it necessary to suppose—as some people seem to do—that if the men could not be evacuated by air, they would have to be sacrificed. Their chances of safety depend entirely on the general situation.

Our own experts have so far adopted their well-known supercilious attitude towards the idea of parachute battalions of infantry. When the Russians demonstrated the scheme they sneered and sniffed. When the Italians and French announced that they also were adopting it, they sniffed and sneered. Probably they will continue alternately sniffing and sneering until they receive a considerable jolt on this subject, and it is time that jolt were delivered. The latest demonstration of the tactical use of the parachute was given at Villacoublay during a display by the French air forces. I was not there myself, but a friend sends me full details of the programme about which he is enthusiastic. He describes it as "miles ahead of anything seen at Hendon," and certainly the items seem extraordinarily interesting. Forty infantrymen were dropped by parachute—and they were not dummies. Now, I do not know if Germany and America have yet formed any parachute battalions, but their intention to do so has been reported. Meanwhile our own authorities deny any intention of forming a parachute battalion. Consequently, this country will be the only one of the major air Powers without one. It may not as yet be a serious shortcoming; but with our armaments bill what it is, we do not expect to find shortcomings of any kind. Let the War Office and the Air Ministry take action as quickly as possible, for there can be no doubt they must eventually act, and the longer they delay, the more they are open to the



ALSO AT HESTON: MR. R. FAIREY AND MRS. FRANK HART

Two more of the people recently seen at Heston—no bad place to be when the ground is too hot for civilised feet and there isn't enough air to breathe at ground-level. The air-screw looks like a variable-pitch design, a feature that has been an unconscionable time in coming into popular use

ing company's liver, toned up and fit. I do not want to be unduly pessimistic, but my opinion, which I have stated more than once in other places, is that unless our manufacturers get their "exercise" in some kind of air racing or record breaking, their work will degenerate and lose its position of world pre-eminence.

Signs and Portents.

There have been two events recently which condemn complacency: the Japanese flight to Croydon and the Russian flight from Moscow to San Jacinto. Now, British airmen with a British aeroplane might have been able to do the Japanese flight; but I will not believe that British airmen with a British aeroplane could have done the Russian flight. In my view, and I shall hold to it until I get practical proof to the contrary, that Russian flight displays a technique which is superior to our own. It is totally unexpected that such a thing should have come out of Russia, which has hitherto been so backward in engineering, but there it is. That is how changes are made and how supremacy in some form of endeavour swings from one country to another. (Continued on page 234)

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

suspicion of failure to use imagination and failure to keep abreast of tactical developments in other parts of the world.

Racing.

Though it does not hold the public eye, air racing continues; and often the small events provide good sport. The London-Cardiff race had a close finish, with only six seconds separating the first and second machines. Especial praise should be given to the T.K.2, which was the machine with which Mr. Geoffrey de Havilland (the son, not the father) won this event. It was also pleasing to see three different makes filling the first three places, for the second machine was a Percival Mew Gull,

one of the most successful fast civil machines to-day; and the third was a Miles Falcon. But it is no use overlooking the absence of crowd appeal in air racing. In aviation, there is no event like the big Continental car races; the air races that are flown are usually the work of some enthusiastic club and are held almost furtively, and certainly without stimulating national interest.

The Coupe Deutsch type of race, if properly supported by different countries, would provide a fine and a popular spectacle. It is a class race for aeroplanes with engines of not more than a given swept volume, and it has done more than anything else to help design progress recently in France. It would be a good thing if our own manufacturers competed in that race; it would be like doing exercises in the morning before breakfast, and would keep their design staffs, which are the aircraft manufactur-

THE CLONMEL SHOW AND WORCESTER RACES



AT THE CLONMEL SHOW: LEFT—SIR ROBERT AND LADY PAUL; CENTRE—LADY WATERFORD AND LORD PORTMAN, M.F.H.; RIGHT—LADY ATHLUMNEY ON HER MAYFLY

Photographs: Frank O'Brien

The Clonmel Show is always a popular event, both because of the good quality of the horses on view there and because a foxhound show, the only one of its kind in Ireland, is included. This year most of the Irish packs were represented, and Lord Portman, Master of the Taunton Vale, went over from Waterford, was Joint-Master of the Waterford from 1927 to 1933, when Lord William Beresford joined Mr. "Dick" Russell in the Mastership. Sir Robert Paul, of Ballyglan, Waterford, judged the jumping at the Clonmel Show. Lady Athlumney, who entered and rode her Mayfly in the ladies' hunter classes, is more or less a newcomer to the show ring, but pursues Meath foxes with great enthusiasm. Her husband, the second Baron Athlumney, died in 1929



IN THE MONEY AT WORCESTER: MR. AND MRS. MARTIN HARTIGAN AND (CENTRE) MR. F. W. MORLEY



MR. FRED DARLING WITH LORD AND LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE AT WORCESTER

Photographs: Truman Howell



AT WORCESTER: GORDON RICHARDS 100th WIN

Gordon Richards, champion jockey for several seasons, was certainly in champion form at Worcester. He won five races in succession and notched up his 100th victory for 1937 by winning the City Handicap Plate on Mr. Adlestons' Royal Avenue. His first success of the day was on the same owner's Lustful; both horses are trained by Mr. Cowie, who is seen above. Gordon Richards also won for Mr. Martin Hartigan on Devon, and Hartigan-trained St. Swithin, owned by Mr. F. W. Morley, was another of his winning mounts.

OLD MONKS' FIELD

By

A. TURNER



gold, flung there in haste, probably, when the old abbey was burned down a century and more ago.

The sight of it took Crewe's breath away. As he thrust his hands into the pile of heavy gold pieces, gloated over them, this intruder had stolen in upon him.

"What do you know about treasure trove?"

"Well, I know they can take it, the Crown, or maybe the Brothers in the monastery down the lane—take the lot . . . if anyone told 'em."

The gold seemed to possess magnetic power. It drew the man forward into the chamber. He went down on his knees to run his fingers into it, just as Crewe had done. He was a ragged, unshaven, sturdily built fellow, probably more than a match for Crewe

He stepped out on to the verandah, and just at the top of the garden something was moving, silently, stealthily, coming towards the house

A SHADOW darkened the narrow doorway. Crewe sprang from his kneeling position beside the golden heap. "What the devil are you doing here?" he rasped.

"It's all-right, guv'nor." The tramp's eyes were glued on the rotted sack which half-concealed the hoard. There was a look of ecstasy in them. "I saw ye from my kip up the hill. Make it worth my while and I'll say nothing. It's treasure trove, that's what it is."

Of course it was treasure trove. Ruins of the ancient abbey still stood in the field. Crewe had converted one ruin into a chicken house, which had become infested with rats. To exterminate them he had attached a tube to the exhaust of his car, and pumped the fumes down into their holes. While engaged on the job he had uncovered the steps leading to the subterranean cell, where the golden treasure lay—coined

if it came to a tussle. His manner showed he wanted to share the treasure, and would reveal its discovery to the authorities if refused.

The rubber tube connected to the exhaust pipe of the car outside the house just showed in the roof above the gold heap. Crewe had thought at first it was a rat-hole he was penetrating, until the depth it went down showed it was something larger.

A way to meet the emergency flashed across his mind. "All right," he said, stepping to the door, "you shall have a share. I'll get a sack and we'll count it."

The tramp seemed lost to everything but the gold. Crewe sprang outside; he slammed the heavy oak door, thrust the massive bolt back into its socket, like a madman shovelled the earth against it and over the sunken steps. He took no heed of the muffled knocks and shouts that soon grew faint and inaudible. The floor was level and smooth again.

Crewe flung the shovel down at last, and went out into the streaming rain, up the hill to where the man had made his

(Continued on page 230)



Elizabeth Arden

PRESENTS

Sun Beige

THE NEW SUMMER COMPLEXION

ARDENA SUN-PRUF CREAM—a "non-fluorescent" preparation which permits tanning but prevents blistering or burning—a perfect powder base. . . . 3/6 & 5/6

IDEAL SUNTAN OIL—for those who tan naturally without burning 4/6, 7/6, 12/6

PROTECTA CREAM—does not come off in water—invaluable against freckles. Tubes, 5/6. 8/6. Jar, 12/6

8-HOUR CREAM—quickly effective in cases of sunburn, 7/6 & 12/6

ARDENA VELVA BEAUTY FILM—a wonderful velvety preparation that gives legs, arms and back a lovely, even texture, concealing imperfections. These easily applied "liquid stockings" are ideal for evening or active sports. Evening, Sun-Beige, Dark. Tube, 6/6

VELVA BEAUTY FILM DUSTING POWDER—this lustrous Sun-Beige shade powder, applied over Velva Beauty Film enhances the natural effect . . . Box, 4/6

VELVA BEAUTY FILM KIT—contains tube of Velva Beauty Film, special Sun-Beige shade Dusting Powder, and a fragrant June Geranium Soap cloth to remove the Beauty Film Kit, 10/6

LILLE DE FRANCE—this excellent new powder foundation is a convenient, creamy blend of Creme de France and Lille Lotion, which serves as a 'mild' protection against exposure. Five shades, including Sun-Beige, 8/6

ARDENA BRONZE LIQUID—for a rich Sun-Beige make-up. Will not rub off on clothes or come off in water. Light and dark 12/6

Elusive indeed is the charm of Sun-Beige—the new Summer complexion now being introduced by Elizabeth Arden's clients to all the smartest beaches. Drastic tanning has no place in the contemporary fashion scheme. The new complexion is mellow and warm-coloured yet has a softness and delicacy that distinguishes it from ordinary sun-tan. It is a clear golden hue—with a pleasing suggestion of some deeper shade.

ELIZABETH ARDEN, 25 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

OLD MONKS' FIELD—(Continued from page 228)

"kip." No one was in sight. Rivulets foamed down the slopes. The old bed of the nailbourne, the intermittent stream which had once flooded the meadow, had water in it, but it was surface water, not from the stream itself, which had not appeared for many years.

More petrol was needed for the car. Crewe tramped down the hill and across his field to the garage for a fresh supply. There was no hurry. He went into the house and mixed himself a stiff peg of whisky. How fortunate it was that he was living alone; that the woman from the village who "did" for him had gone several hours before.

It was beginning to get dusk when he got back to the car. No sound came from below. The man had given up shouting; perhaps he had laid himself down to wait, or to sleep; perhaps he was crouching beside the door, asking himself what the game was, wishing he hadn't been in such a hurry to blunder into another man's affairs. Crewe started the motor, plugged the space round the tube where it went down into the hole, so that no air could possibly pass.

It really was wonderfully easy. Some men might have parleyed with the fellow, attempted to bribe him, and lost the lot when the brute had got a few drinks into him and had begun to talk. Such animals always did talk. There could be no risk of detection, no necessity even to dispose of the body. It could be left there, after the hoard had been removed. Then escape from a monotonous country life, a long holiday, residence abroad.

The motor throbbed steadily, almost cheerily, it seemed to Crewe, sending its fumes down into the chamber to remove the obstacle which had suddenly thrust itself between him and fortune. It would not take long to clear the steps and get the hoard out to-morrow.

Half an hour, three-quarters of an hour passed; it ought to be enough. He pulled out the tube and listened, called and whistled down the little hole. No sound came up. All was well. He plugged the hole again, locked the house up, tramped round the almost dark field to close the other sheds, made his way down the rain-drenched garden to his dwelling.

More whisky beside the bright fire; the rain came against the window like soft bullets, at intervals water fell with a great splash from the eaves. Food was laid ready on the table, but he felt small inclination to eat. Whisky was best. The job had taken it out of him, his hands shook. A good pick-me-up was what he needed.

After a while he dozed, the fire died down, the un replenished lamp burnt low. He awoke in an almost dark room. Someone was tapping to come in, someone was crouching just outside the door, giving little knocks at intervals, just as the tramp must have crouched and knocked in his little prison at first, the poor fool. What nonsense; no one was outside, no one was tapping; it was a loose tile on the porch; the wind had risen and was moaning dolefully.

Bed was the best place. He went up to his room, and stepped out on to the broad verandah in front of the window. The rain had ceased, the owls were crying. They always cried over the Old Monks' Field where, the villagers said, the

old monks came and dug graves for those who were about to die. It was rather a creepy story, that. They were supposed to come with their lanterns, the old monks who had lived in the old abbey hundreds of years ago, but it wasn't good to see them, for those who did died within the year. Sometimes a "Brother" came to anyone who was watching and beckoned him. Then his time on earth was very short indeed. A silly story, village, of course, born of the dark lanes and lonely fields of country life, and superstition. Crewe jerked the curtains across his window and turned in.

The moon wakened him, it peered through a chink, its rays fell like a cold dead hand on his face. He got up to draw the curtains closer. Sleepily he took them, then rubbed his eyes and was wide awake in a moment. There were lights on the Old Monks' Field! He flung the window open and stepped out on to the verandah. There was no doubt about it. Lights were moving to and fro, up and down.

How cold the air was, cold and damp; it made his teeth chatter, his breath hissed between his teeth. The lights in the field moved to and fro. The old monks were there, digging a grave—for whom? For whoever saw them, and watched—that is, if one believed in such—such nonsense.

The moon was shining faintly. It seemed just at the top of the garden, a pale, evil crescent, a dying moon, casting faint rays over trees and shrubs, and under the rays something was moving, silently, stealthily, coming slowly down the garden towards the house. What was it?

Crewe shaded his eyes against the evil moon; the night seemed liquid in its spectral rays. The thing came nearer, detached itself from the shrubs and bushes, took shape, the shape of a robed and cowed figure.

A "Brother" from that misty field, where the pale ghost lights moved to and fro. A "Brother" sent to fetch him. Back he stepped, back across the verandah, his crisp hair lifting from his scalp, his wild eyes bolting from their sockets. His heel touched the verandah rail, his weight went on it. The rotted wood gave way.

Men rescuing stock from flood water in the Old Monks' Field heard his cry, and forgot it. In the morning they found him stiff and dead beside the broken rail, with fear still written plain in his face and glazed eyes. They did not connect his death with a tramp, queerly garbed in a sack and blanket, who watched them from the hill, while his drenched rags dried before his fire.

Years afterwards, in a workhouse bed, the dying tramp told a strange story of a hidden hoard, and trickery. How, as the door slammed, water began to fill the chamber, and by the light of matches he had found a small second door which had given

at his thrust and disclosed a passage, into which he had plunged, with the water gurgling around him. Wading and stumbling, he gained the cave on the hill at last, and reached his "kip," drenched and shivering. There he had put off his soaked clothes, wrapped blanket and sack around him, and gone towards the house of the man who had tricked him, to see him fall from the verandah as he approached.

Of the golden hoard no trace was found, for the waters in the hills broke loose that night, and a subterranean river washed that corner of the field away.—THE END.



SOME GUESTS AT LORD TREDEGAR'S GARDEN-PARTY

Truman Howell

There were some five hundred guests at Lord Tredegar's garden-party at Tredegar House, Monmouth, recently, and some of them are seen above. They are Mr. and Mrs. Alec Waugh—and the name of this clever writer needs no elaboration—Lady Marion Cameron, Lady Clarry, the wife of Sir Reginald Clarry, M.P., the Member for Newport, and Mrs. Charles Forestier-Walker

when,
after dinner,
you
leave
the men
"to their stories" . . .



and
for a moment
things
seem
a bit
"flat" . . .



have you ever noticed
how
a cigarette
immediately helps
to relieve
that
slightly
strained
atmosphere ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.



Bassano

H.M. THE KING AND OFFICERS OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS

The above interesting group was taken on the occasion of the 400th anniversary celebrations of our own H.A.C., of which H.M. the King is the Captain-General. The Boston H.A.C. was founded 300 years ago by Captain Rayne and 14 men who migrated to America, and the first fraternal gathering between the two companies took place as far back as 1896. The visit was returned in 1903. The names in the above picture are: Front row (left to right): Captain Clarence J. McKenzie, Colonel Henry D. Cormerais (Adjutant, A. and H.A.C.), H.M. The King, Lieut. Louis C. Adams, Captain William H. Ellis. Back row (left to right): Judge David Nagle, Mr. John R. McTavish, Lieut. Eugene A. Hudson, Lieut. Frank W. Whitcher, Lieut. M. Adeane, Coldstream Guards, Lieut. J. E. Grinfield-Coxwell, Sgt. John H. Devine, Mr. Andrew Seiler, Lieut. Delbert M. Staley

Prey.

An ichthyosaurus going flat out for its prey is less ruthless, less blunderingly clumsy, less crude, less brutal, and less destructive than a local authority going after its "development." When driving in summer, one looks about more than in winter. The "sexy airs of summer," to quote from one of W. H. Auden's recent volumes, encourage an outward-going interest. In winter, one curls up in the car, and looks at little else but the road; but in summer, when conditions allow, one expands and surveys the countryside. My own inspections this year have led me to conclude that of all the menaces to motoring pleasure, and, indeed, to the pleasures of existence, the greatest is "urban development." Development! What horrors are committed in thy name!

There is a Ribbon Development Act which was designed to preserve us from the spoliations of the speculative builder; but I cannot see that it has been the smallest use. On the new roads, wherever I go, fine trees, which have stood for generations, are being cut down, orchards destroyed, shrubs torn up, meadows ruined to make place for those poisonous new houses. And, as someone said, the whole effort in the destruction of the countryside and the building of houses is wasted. For the houses are taken by those who want to escape from the town. Yet they find too late that they have taken the town with them. It is a sterile process, this suburbanisation of the countryside.

Yet it continues with unabated zest. Every local authority, seeking that

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

expansion which seems to be the only objective these bodies appreciate, is working hard for development. It begins with the laying of drains. Where drains are being laid, you can say good-bye to the country, good-bye to the trees and the green grass and the cattle; you can say good-bye to everything except those horrible new houses. If the road has been bordered by a grass verge, up it will come, and hard, ugly, dangerous stone setts will be laid, and great paving-flags. You would think these local councils had a hatred for grass and trees and cattle and everything except drains. And the Ribbon Development Act has merely set back their depredations a few yards; it has not prevented them, or minimised

their effects. Motorists, who gain most from beautiful country, should do all they can to obtain reform. Central London is pretty loathsome; but Greater London is going to be far worse. Let us save the countryside by stopping the local authorities from abusing the advantages conferred upon them by new roads. And if you don't know how serious the situation is, go and look at the new Chertsey road, or almost any other recently completed new road.

"Flying Standards."

No very drastic changes have been made in the new "Flying Standard" models which Captain J. P. Black introduced on July 22nd. There are six basic models in the range: the 9, 10, 12 and 14, and two forms of the 20. One of the 20-h.p. cars is the six-cylinder, and the other is the impressive "V-Eight," which is stated by the makers to have an exceptionally elevated performance. In addition



Norman Brown

LORD CLYDESDALE WITH THE 7th H.L.I.

Lord Clydesdale, who is Hon. Colonel of the 7th Highland Light Infantry is seen with (left) Lt.-Col. S. S. Johnston who commands the unit and (right) Captain G. A. Fowler, the Adjutant. When this picture was taken the battalion was returning from a field day near Barry Camp where they are doing their training

This England . . .



Near Keswick

IT is going to rain. Bother—says the townsman; Again—grumbles the farmer needing no excuse; The worst year since eighteen eighty something—writes the journalist in search of news. And it goes on raining. It may be true that in this England we have no climate—only weather, and a lot of that! How is it then that we are not a people of agues and fevers instead of this ruddy and well-liking mien? Because we nourish ourselves soundly, seeking Nature's protection against her own vagaries. Because without the rain our soil would not be so rich, nor grow the great golden-bearded barley that, malted, makes our Worthington—the greatest weatherproof of them all.



WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



Hay Wrightson

MISS CAECILIA PHARAZYN

The younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Pharazyn, of Hawkes Bay, New Zealand, who is engaged to Mr. Geoffrey Cavendish, younger son of the late Mr. T. W. Cavendish and Mrs. Cavendish, of Uttoxeter, Staffs

gade, only son of Mr. Archibald and Lady Frances Gordon-Duff, of Davieburn Keith, and Red House, Overbury, Tewkesbury, and Ellen Susan Stalter, widow of David Edward Stalter, and elder daughter of the Hon. Charles Platt, and Mrs. Williams, of Cherry Hill, Lyons, New York; Mr. R. E. T. Keelan, Royal Artillery, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Keelan, of Castleton Mansions, Barnes, and Margaret Riddell, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel G. T. Birdwood, I.M.S., and Mrs. Birdwood, of 26, The Beach, Walmer; Mr. Guy Lorimer, Colonial Administrative Service (Nigeria), only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Lorimer, of Oxtown, Cheshire, and Eileen, only daughter of the late Paymaster Rear-Admiral L. G. Warleigh and Mrs. Lionel Warleigh, of Gayton House, Harrow; Lieut. P. M. Rouse, R.N., elder son of Sir

September Weddings.

Mr. Francis Bernard Johnson, of Sturston, Norfolk, second son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. F. Johnson, of Witton, Norwich, will marry Shelagh, daughter of the late Mr. James Kennedy, and of Mrs. Kennedy, of Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, in September, and another September wedding is that of Mr. J. Sothorn Holland and Miss Elisabeth Prickard, who will be married at Llansaintfraid Cwm daud Church, Rhayader, Radnorshire, on September 4.

* * * Recently Engaged.

Capt. John Beauchamp Gordon-Duff, The Rifle Bri-



Kay Vaughan

MISS ROSEMARY FINNIS

Who is engaged to Mr. A. Noel Hunter. Miss Finnis is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Finnis, and Mr. Hunter is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Hunter, of Kingston Hill

Alexander and Lady Rouse, of Aubrey House, Riverside, Twickenham, Middlesex, and Cicely, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Marr Johnson, of 37, Norfolk Square, W.2; Mr. J. C. Llewellyn Jones, late 4th Queen's Own Hussars, of Bell's Corner, Polstead, Suffolk, only son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Llewellyn Jones, of St. Martins, Guernsey, and Jean, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Morrison, of Snow's Green

House, Shotley Bridge, Co. Durham; Mr. J. Wheldon, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Wheldon, of Berkhamsted, and Ursula Mabel Caillard, of 97, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7, second daughter of Major Maurice Caillard, 7th Dragoon Guards (ret'd.), and the late Lady Gertrude Caillard; Mr. C. R. H. Kindersley, The Highland Light Infantry, eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel A. O. L. Kindersley, C.M.G., D.L., and the late Mrs. Kindersley, of the Isle of Wight, and Ann, daughter of Major R. G. Barlow, late the Seaforth Highlanders, and Mrs. Barlow; Mr. J. A. Caddy, Royal Artillery, elder son of Dr. and Mrs. Arnold Caddy, of Chandpara, Tylden, Victoria, Australia, and Margaret Elizabeth Courtenay, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Day, Clevedon, Somerset; Dr. William Selby Tulloch, third son of the Rev. George Tulloch and Mrs. Tulloch, of Perth, W.A., and Nina Verity, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Verity.



Speaight

MISS CHRISTIAN HEDLEY

Miss Hedley, who is the youngest daughter of Colonel Sir Cootie Hedley, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., and of Lady Hedley, is engaged to Mr. Cecil Havilland De Sausmarez, only son of Brigadier-General C. De Sausmarez, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and the late Mrs. C. de Sausmarez

Miss Hedley, who is the youngest daughter of Colonel Sir Cootie Hedley, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., and of Lady Hedley, is engaged to Mr. Cecil Havilland De Sausmarez, only son of Brigadier-General C. De Sausmarez, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and the late Mrs. C. de Sausmarez

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 232

to the Flying Standard saloon bodies, there is a drophead coupé on the 12 h.p. chassis, and special touring saloon bodies on the fourteen and twenty chassis. The prices range from £152 10s. for the Nine saloon, to £325 for the Twenty touring saloon or V-Eight saloon. And, by the way, may I be permitted to draw your attention to a slight but subtle difference in nomenclature? You will notice that the Flying Standard is a V-Eight, so please do not make the mistake of thinking it is a V-8. Actually, this method of writing the model name provides a useful means of differentiation.

* * *

Every Flying Standard has a flush-fitting sunshine roof—no, I think to-day with cloud ten-tenths and heavy rain—I'll call it a *sliding* roof. Triplex is fitted throughout and there is 12-volt electrical equipment. The four-speed synchromesh gear box is another component which is found throughout the range, and other things are the easy-jacking system and flush-fitting traffic indicators. Models other than the V-Eight have a new frontal design, and the pistol-grip handbrake, which was introduced last year on the V-Eight, now forms part of the specification of the Twelve as well. This is a useful modification because this type of brake cleans up the front compartment and gives the occupants greater freedom of movement. The V-Eight and the Twelve also have the eye-level dashboard which brings the instruments into a convenient position for reading. Among the 1938 Flying Standard technical points there are the tinned pistons which have high resistance to wear.

* * *

Driving for Speed.

As my remarks the other week about driving for speed have not yet brought me the burst of indignant criticism which I expected, I venture to add to them. Last time I dealt with the ancillary problems such as those of selecting the best route, of avoiding time losses when getting the car in and out of the garage, and so on. Now perhaps I may say something about the actual driving, though, again, it must be emphasised that I am talking about ordinary road work and not about racing or competition work. When strict obedience to speed limits is understood, and the fullest care at pedestrian crossings, the speed from point to point must largely depend upon what running

expenses the owner is prepared to face. Use of the gears for rapid acceleration, use of the brakes for rapid retardation, use of the steering for rapid cornering, all these give rise to increased fuel consumption and increased wear and tear on tyres and almost every component of the car. But there is one other thing which must also be taken into account, it is the trustworthiness of the vehicle. An owner who keeps his car for three years is foolish if he presses his car as hard as the one who keeps his car for one year. So we come to the final conclusion that speed on the road is determined by a great many things other than speed along the road, and that care and thoughtfulness are as important to it as merely treading on the pedal.

Air Eddies—continued from p. 226

Racing and records; they are the physical jerks of the aircraft industry. If it ceases to do them it will inevitably get fat and flabby. People in the industry will not take it amiss from an old friend when I say that they are already getting fat and flabby. When I met an aircraft constructor shortly after the Russian flight, he told me that we could do the same distance non-stop "if we wanted to." Well, I do not believe it. I look back and remember the many and desperate attempts the R.A.F. made on the distance record; I remember the unexpected difficulties and set-backs; the loss of valuable lives, and I repeat that we could not beat that Russian record to-day. But I am equally positive that, if we set ourselves to it, we could beat it at some not very distant future date. And I am most positive of all that making the attempt would do us the world of good. Making enormous numbers of military machines, like eating treacle pudding, may be pleasant; but alone it does not conduce to a high state of skill and efficiency. Let us get a distance record and a speed record to put beside Flight-Lieutenant Adam's recent height record.

* * *

In the issue of July 14 it was stated in connection with a picture of Mr. J. Ede that he is Assistant Director of the Tate Gallery. This arose from an error in the information supplied by the photographer. Mr. Ede has now no connection with the Tate Gallery, and when he was formerly so connected he was never Assistant Director. *The Tatler* regrets that this mistake should have been given currency.



THE LADY SEMOLINA RHYS-CUSTARDE
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Lady Semolina's Secret

You should see the Lady Semolina at the hunt! You should see the Lady Semolina at the ball!! You should see her dance the polka!!! How is it that she is always so full of beans and vitamins?

'I've always wanted to be a sporty girl,' she told our interviewer, 'but it wasn't

until I discovered — er, Greys Cigarettes that I learnt how to avoid fag. In fact,' she continued, blissfully puffing at a W—

STOP! Before this advertisement definitely takes the wrong turning, let us hastily assure you that GREYS are very good cigarettes, and close down on that.

THE **Greys** CIGARETTES
Ten for sixpence

Lawn Tennis—continued from p. 222

except that there is an unfortunate heritage—or should I say hoodoo?—of wet, of rain that washes out the lines, and has washed out whole events before now. Which is a pity, for this tournament always receives a goodly entry, especially on the distaff side, as there is a very special challenge cup for the ladies' doubles.

Let us hope that this year Buxton will have better luck where the weather is concerned. This tournament is the same week as a seaside tournament that I have often played at myself as a member of the house-party that the Gerald Lysaghts hold at Chapel Cleeve, near Washford, and take over every day to Minehead. No one would be so mad as to suggest that the courts at Minehead are a patch on the Buxton ones, but there is always a charming holiday atmosphere throughout the week that was made gay for many years by the hue and variety of the scarves that Colonel Helme flaunted about the courts. And one year Cam Malfroy graced the meeting in company with Joan Ingram, whose shorts, to say the least of it, caused something of a surprise in that corner of Somerset, though it was nothing to the surprise occasioned by the tennis exhortations used by that couple of American buddies, Burwell and Jones.

Burwell also wore shorts, one pair to be exact, the whole week through, while Jones, like Tweedledee, had only one pair of flannels to encase his outsize in legs, and when Saturday came there came, too, if I remember right, a deputation to Jack Lysaght, who was the same height and figure, to see if he wouldn't come to the rescue for the prestige of the meeting. You know, keep it clean on finals day, at any rate. And come to the rescue he did, I believe, thereby turning, as it were, the other cheek, since for many years Lysaght, who is the Somerset champion, was regarded as the rightful holder of the challenge cups in his home tourney, for which he unfailingly provides so many of the entries. Last year, for instance, Lord Birkenhead was a member of his party and showed that he had lost none of the skill that won him a blue at Oxford a few seasons back, while Mr. J. C. Masterman, who is still one of the finest all-round sportsmen in the country, also proved, by partnering his host to victory in the men's doubles, that donship—or is it dondom?—at the university, when it truly represents *mens sana in corpore sano*, can hold Anno Domini at bay.

Yes, Minehead is a charming meeting, but there are dozens of others equally agreeable to be found at this time of the year by those who like to take their holidays in this fashion. True, Frinton, with its mornings on the sands and its evenings in the ballroom, and

its wind all the time is over for another year, while Warwick has been crossed off the official fixture list—only temporarily, I hope, because its course leading down to the river, with the castle in the background, make such an unforgettable setting—but there still remain a host of others, like Tunbridge Wells, for which Victor Cazalet and his sister, Thelma, always used to have a large party at Fairlawne, and Cranleigh, where the tournament is played on the village green and the well-known B.B.C. announcer, Freddie Grisewood, always turns out with his daughter in the mixed handicap, and the Norfolk fortnight of meetings at Cromer and Hunstanton, where King John lost his Crown jewels in the Wash and players still lose their tempers sometimes despite the holiday spirit; and the Isle of Wight meetings at Shanklin and Sandown, to which Gordon Lowe and another old international, Mr. J. B. Gilbert, used for many years to lend lustre; and, again, the Sussex "lot" of Angmering-on-Sea, which has grown right out of recognition in the last few years, and Hastings and Bexhill, culminating in the last great grass meeting of the season, the South of England Championships at Eastbourne. Or there's another seaside tour to be arranged along the Devonshire coast, including Exmouth, Budleigh Salterton and, finally, Sidmouth. And there are many more, including the most enchanting meetings in the Highlands, concluding at the end of September with the Gleneagles tournament that always attracts a first-class entry.

But once more, in conclusion, let me sheer off from talk of first-class entries and remind the average player, who may be reading this, how much pleasure as well as profit can be obtained from indulging in a couple of holiday tournaments. You put in for partners, and, who knows, you may be meeting your future wife or husband for the first time, and, though the alliance may not prove as felicitous on the courts as that of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Peters, who are one of the finest mixed doubles combinations in the country, what matters so long as you play the game together for the rest of your life? While, as for your handicap—I am not speaking of marriage now—holiday tournament references are notoriously generous in this respect, and even the veriest rabbit with thirty to his name in every game need have no qualms as to whether he will get his money's worth. You will get that in exercise alone. I know.

Since the above article was written the Davis Cup has been lost to the U.S.A. C. E. Hare's gallant stand against Budge availed him nothing when he met Parker who, rather surprisingly, beat him 6—2, 6—4, 6—2.



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By M. E. BROOKE

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Picture by Blake

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[T is in terms of shooting, fishing and other sports outfits that Burberrys, in the Haymarket, are thinking to-day. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that the cut and tailoring of the suits are admirable and so is the quality of the materials. A light fancy tweed has been used for the smart tailored suit at the top of the page; as will be seen, it is double-breasted and reinforced with "flap pockets." The skirt is arranged with inverted pleats at the sides so that the movements of the wearer are never handicapped. An important feature of the suit on the right is the divided skirt; the division is hardly noticeable when the wearer walks. The coat is of the Norfolk persuasion. Very successful are the three-piece models designed and carried out by this firm; some have capes, and others long coats with check waistcoats. There is no doubt that for travelling a cape is strongly to be recommended. Here is likewise to be seen a new version of the swagger coat; the bell sleeves are slit up to the elbows, the scheme being completed with a neat Peter Pan collar. On application this firm would send patterns of their materials and illustrations of designs

Pictures by Blake

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LADIES' KENNEL

One sometimes meets sentimentalists who say it is "cruel" to keep a dog in a kennel. Provided the kennel is comfortable and the dog well exercised there is no cruelty at all. I think it is cruel to keep a dog in the house, make much of him, make him dependent on human companionship and then banish him to a kennel. Dogs accustomed to live with people do fret if removed to a kennel, but kennel dogs naturally don't feel like that.

Mrs. Stratton is anxious to find a good country home for her late mother's Wirehaired Fox Terrier; he is six years old, thoroughly trained and a nice dog. She will also give a Scottie to a good country home. Both dogs must be treated as friends and not passed on; also, anyone applying must send references.

The Borzoi is one of those dogs who will survive his occupation by reason of his own attractions. In old days packs of Borzois were kept by all the Russian grandees for their legitimate purpose of hunting the wolf. In the upheaval they vanished with a good deal else that was picturesque. Modern Russia has no place for dogs, as is told us by Miss Delafield in her interesting and delightful book, "Straws Without Bricks." Luckily, other nations have saved the Borzoi. He is a splendid and aristocratic-looking dog, always an ornament. He does well at shows where his beauty always attracts attention.

Mrs. Gingold has a famous and successful kennel of Borzois. She writes

as follows: "I enclose a photo of Ch. Braznik of Bransgore, the home-bred, who is acknowledged the breed's most famous show and stud dog. His progeny from one litter alone is expected at the end of a sufficient length of time to produce champions of England, Scotland, India, New Zealand and America. Ch. Braznik was shown at Richmond, where he took his seventh certificate, Best Stud Dog, Best of Breed and



CH. BRAZNIK OF
BRANSGORE

The property of Mrs. Gingold



DACHSHUND PUPPIES
The property of Mrs. Barr

Fall

Pintail, in addition, has bred a lovely litter by Poacher which should do great things. Mrs. Pacey has sent Terriers all over the world, but there are usually some for disposal at home as well.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton, who is always pleased to receive photographs of their dogs from L.K.A. members for reproduction on this page. Photographs must, of necessity, be sharp, and full details of dog or dogs should be attached.

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It is undoubtedly given to some people to be born judges of animals. Of these is Mrs. Pacey; it does not matter what she takes up—horses, ponies, Poodles, Sealyhams, West Highlanders—she goes at once to the top. I may add she is also one of our best known and most popular judges. Her kennel of White West Highlanders is famous—she brings out champion after champion, all sired by her celebrated dogs. She sends a photograph of herself and five champions—Pintail, Wings, Prefect, Poacher and Peacock.



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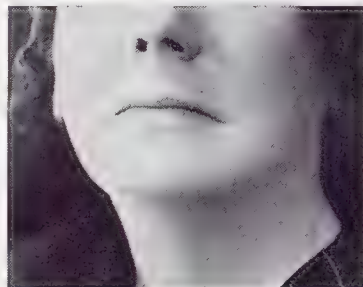
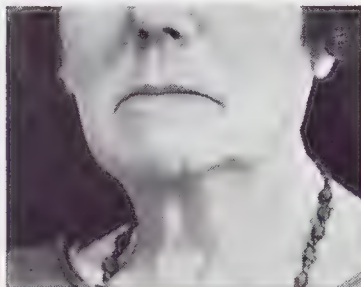
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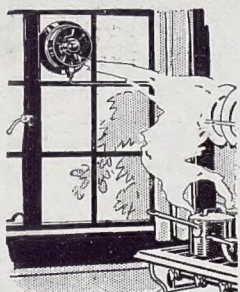


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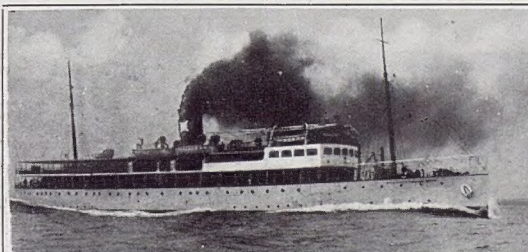
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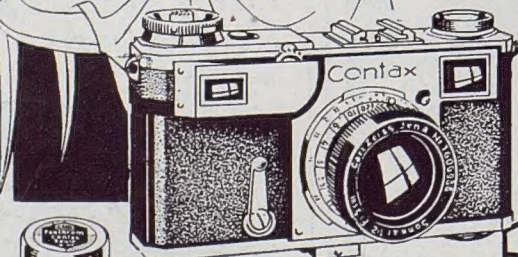
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